The Conqueſt
OF
GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS.

In Two PARTS.

Acted at the *Theater-Royal.*

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN* Servant to His MAJESTY.

The Third Edition.

——Major rerum mihi naſcitur Ordo;
Majus Opus moveo. Virg. Æneid. 7.

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The Complete
GRANADA
SPANIARDS

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE.

SIR,

Eroick Poesie has always been sacred to Princes and to *Heroes*. Thus *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Æneids* to *Augustus Cæsar*; and, of latter Ages, *Tasso* and *Arioste* dedicated their Poems to the House of *Est*. 'Tis, indeed, but Justice, that the most excellent and most profitable kind of writing, should be address'd by Poets to such Persons whose Characters have, for the most part, been the Guides and Patterns of their Imitation. And Poets, while they Imitate, Instruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the true: and the dead Vertue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is govern'd by Precept and Example; and both these can only have influence from those persons who are above us, that kind of Poesie which excites to Vertue the greatest Men, is of greatest use to humane kind.

'Tis from this consideration, that I have presum'd to Dedicate

dicate to your Royal Highneſs theſe faint Repreſentations of your own Worth and Valour in Heroick-Poetry: or, to ſpeak more properly, not to Dedicate, but to Reſtore to you thoſe Ideas, which in the more perfect part of my Characters, I have taken from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own praiſes, both as they are farther incitements to their Vertue, and as they are the higheſt returns which Mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd either by the Conduct, the perſonal Valour, or the good Fortune of a Leader, the Engliſh are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highneſs. Your whole Life has been a continued Series of Heroick Actions: which you began ſo early, that you were no ſooner nam'd in the World, but it was with Praiſe and Admiration. Even the firſt bloſſoms of your Youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening Manhood. While you practis'd but the Rudiments of War, you out-went all other Captains: and have ſince found none to ſurpaſs, but your ſelf alone. The opening of your glory was like that of light: you ſhone to us from afar; and diſclos'd your firſt beams on diſtant Nations: yet ſo, that the luſtre of them was ſpred abroad, and reflected brightly on your Native Countrey. You were then an Honour to it when it was a reproach to it ſelf: and when the fortunate Uſurper ſent his Arms to *Flanders*, many of the adverſe Party were vanquiſh'd by your Fame, e're they try'd your Valour. The report of it drew over to your Enſigns whole Troops and Companies of converted Rebels: and made them forſake ſucceſsful Wickedneſs, to follow an oppreſs'd and exil'd Vertue. Your Reputation wag'd War with the Enemies of your Royal Family, even within their Trenches; and the more obſtinate, or more guilty of them, were forc'd to be Spies over thoſe whom they Commanded, leſt the name of *TORY* ſhould disband that Army in whoſe Fate it was to defeat the *Spaniards*, and force *Dunkirk* to ſurrender. Yet, thoſe victorious Forces of the Rebels were not able to ſuſtain your Arms. Where

you

you charg'd in Person, you were a Conquerour. 'Tis true, they afterwards recover'd Courage; and wrested that Victory from others, which they had lost to you. And it was a greater action for them to Rally, than it was to Overcome. Thus, by the presence of your Royal Highness, the *English* on both sides remain'd victorious: and that Army which was broken by your valour, became a terror to those for whom they conquer'd. Then it was that at the cost of other Nations you inform'd and cultivated that Valour which was to defend your native Country, and to vindicate its Honour from the insolence of our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders*, not contented to withdraw themselves from the obedience which they ow'd their lawful Sovereign, affronted those by whose Charity they were first protected: and, (being swell'd up to a preeminence of Trade, by a supine negligence on our side, and a sordid parsimony on their own,) dar'd to dispute the Soveraignty of the Seas, the eyes of three Nations were then cast on You: and by the joynt suffrage of King and people, you were chosen to revenge their common injuries; to which, though you had an undoubted title by your Birth, you had yet a greater by your Courage. Neither did the success deceive our hopes and expectations: the most glorious victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that war, was in that first Engagement: wherein, even by the confession of our enemies, who ever palliate their own losses, and diminish our advantages, your absolute triumph was acknowledg'd: you conquer'd at the *Hague* as intirely as at *London*; and the return of a shatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least pretence for a false bon-fire, or a dissembled Day of publick Thanks-giving. All our atchievements against them afterwards, though we sometimes conquer'd and were never overcome, were but a copy of that Victory: and they still fell short of their Original: somewhat of fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the title of so absolute a defeat. Or, perhaps, the Guardian-

Angel

Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when you were absent; and would not employ his utmost vigour for a less important stake than the life and honour of a Royal Admiral.

And, if since that memorable day, you have had leisure to enjoy in peace the fruits of so glorious a Reputation, 'twas Occasion only has been wanting to your courage; for, that can never be wanting to Occasion. The same ardor still incites you to Heroick Actions: and the same concernment for all the interests of your King and Brother, continue to give you restless nights, and a generous emulation for your own glory. You are still meditating on new labours for your self, and new triumphs for the Nation; and when our former enemies again provoke us, you will again solicite fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will then lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their Past injuries: and, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, till they have fully vanquish'd: Let our Enemies make their boast of a surprise, as the *Samnites* did of a successful stratagem: but the *Furcæ Caudinæ* will never be forgiv'n till they are reveng'd. I have always observ'd in your Royal Highness an extream concernment for the Honour of your Country: 'tis a passion common to you with a Brother, the most excellent of Kings: and in your two persons are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given us of Heroick vertue: the commanding part in *Agamemnon*, and the executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not, from both your actions, but to have abundant matter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign; and to perform the part of a just Historian to my Royal Master, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time, while your Royal Highness is preparing fresh employments for our Pens, I have been examining my own forces, and making tryal of my self how I shall be able to transmit you to Posterity. I have form'd a Heroe, I confess, not absolutely perfect, but of an excessive and over-boyling Courage: but *Homer* and *Tasso* are my precedents.

dents. Both the Greek and the Italian Poet had well consider'd, that a tame Heroe who never transgresses the bounds of moral vertue, would shine but dimly in an Epick Poem; the strictness of those Rules might well give precepts to the Reader, but would administer little of occasion to the Writer. But a character of an excentrique vertue is the more exact Image of humane life, because he is not wholly exempted from its frailties; such a person is *Almanzor*: whom I present, with all humility, to the Patronage of your Royal Highness. I design'd in him a roughness of Character, impatient of Injuries; and a confidence of himself, almost approaching to an arroganee. But these errors are incident only to great spirits; they are moles and dimples which hinder not a face from being beautiful, though that beauty be not regular; they are of the number of those amiable imperfections which we see in Mistresses: and which we pass over, without a strict examination, when they are accompanied with greater Graces. And such, in *Almanzor*, are a frank and Noble openness of Nature: an easiness to forgive his conquer'd enemies; and to protect them in distress; and above all an inviolable Faith in his affection. This, Sir, I have briefly shadow'd to your Royal Highness, that you may not be asham'd of that Heroe whose protection you undertake. Neither would I Dedicate him to so Illustrious a Name, if I were conscious to my self that he did or said any thing which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that your Royal Highness shou'd defend or own what, possibly, may be my errour, I bring before you this accus'd *Almanzor* in the nature of a suspected Criminal. By the suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted; and by the sentence of some, condemn'd. But, as I have no reason to stand to the award of my Enemies, so neither dare I trust the partiality of my Friends. I make my last appeal to your Royal Highness, as to a Soveraign Tribunal. Heroes shou'd only be judg'd by Heroes; because they only are capable of measuring great and Heroick Actions by the Rule and Standard of their own.

If

If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any point of Honor, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highneſs, who are the Pattern of it. But, if at any time he fulfils the parts of perſonal Valour and of Conduct, of a Soldier, and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more advantagious than what he has; of the moſt unſhaken friend, the greateſt of Subjects, and the beſt of Maſters, I ſhou'd then draw all the world, a true reſemblance of your worth and vertues; at leaſt as far as they are capable of being copied by the mean abilities of

Sir,

Your Royal Highneſſe's

Moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant

J. DRYDEN.

OF HEROICK PLAYS. AN ESSAY.

Whether Heroick Verſe ought to be admitted into ſerious Plays, is not now to be diſputed: 'tis already in poſſeſſion of the Stage: and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, ſhall be receiv'd without it. All the arguments which are form'd againſt it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not ſo near Converſation as Proſe; and therefore not ſo natural. But it is very clear to all who underſtand Poetry, that ſerious Plays ought not to imitate Converſation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that level, the foundation of Poetry would be deſtroy'd. And, if you once admit of a Latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be rais'd above the Life, and deſcrib'd in meaſure without Rhyme, that leads you inſenſibly from your own Principles to mine: You are already ſo far onward of your way, that you have forſaken the Imitation of ordinary converſe. You are gone beyond it; and, to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open field, betwixt two Inns. You have loſt that which you call natural, and have not acquir'd the laſt perfection of Art. But it was only cuſtom which couzen'd us ſo long: we thought, becauſe Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher *went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, becauſe they excellently deſcrib'd Paſſion without Rhyme, therefore Rhyme was not capable of deſcribing it. But time has now convinc'd moſt Men of that Error. 'Tis indeed ſo difficult to write Verſe, that the adverſaries of it have a good plea againſt many who undertake that task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worſt in it, would have written worſe without it. They have couzen'd many with their ſound, who never took the pains to examine their ſence. In fine, they have ſucceeded: though 'tis true, they have more diſhonour'd Rhyme by their good Succeſs, than they could have done by their Ill. But I am willing to let fall this argument: 'tis free for*

every Man to write, or not to write, in Verſe, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Talent; or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which only I have us'd it without the mixture of Proſe) the firſt light we had of them on the Engliſh Theatre *was from the late Sir* William D' Avenant: *it being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, becauſe they contain'd ſome matter of Scandal to thoſe good people, who could more eaſily diſpoſſeſs their lawful Soveraign, than endure a wanton jeſt; he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way: and to introduce the examples of Moral Vertue, writ in Verſe, and perform'd in* Recitative Muſick. *The Original of this Muſick, and of the Scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the* Italian Opera's: *but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of* Corneille *and ſome* French Poets. *In this condition did this part of Poetry remain at His Majeſties return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his* Siege of Rhodes, *and caus'd it to be acted as a juſt* Drama. *But as few Men have the happineſs to begin and finiſh any new project, ſo neither did he live to make his deſign perfect: There wanted the fulneſs of a Plot, and the variety of Characters to form it as it ought: and perhaps, ſomething might have been added to the beauty of the ſtile. All which he would have perform'd with more exactneſs, had he pleas'd to have given us another work of the ſame nature. For my ſelf and others who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we receiv'd from that excellent ground-work which he laid: and ſince it is an eaſie thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to our ſelves, to yield him the precedence in it.*

Having done him this juſtice, as my Guide; I may do my ſelf ſo much, as to give an account of what I have perform'd after him. I obſerv'd then, as I ſaid, what was wanting to the perfection of his Siege of Rhodes: *which was Deſign, and variety of Characters. And in the midſt of this conſideration, by meer accident, I opened the next Book that lay by me, which was an* Arioſto *in* Italian; *and the very firſt two lines of that Poem gave me light to all I could deſire.*

Le Donne, I Cavalier, L' arme, gli amori,
Le Corteſie, l'audaci impreſe io canto, *&c.*

For the very next reflexion which I made, was this, That an Heroick Play ought to be an Imitation, (In Little) of an Heroick Poem: and conſequently, that Love and Valour ought to be the ſubject of it. Both theſe Sir William D'Avenant *had begun to ſhadow: but it was ſo, as firſt Diſcoverers draw their Maps, with Head-lands, and Promontories, and*

ſome

some few out-lines of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the designer saw not clearly. The common Drama *oblig'd him to a Plot well form'd and pleasant, or as the ancients call'd it, One entire and great Action. But this he afforded not himself in a story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispence with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height: and indulg'd him a farther liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common words and actions of humane life: and therefore in the scanting of his Images, and design, he comply'd not enough with the Greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.*

I am sorry I cannot discover my opinion of this kind of writing, without dissenting much from his, whose memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same respect to him, as if he were now alive; and overlooking my Paper while I write, his judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dress'd in a more familiar and easie shape: more fitted to the common actions and passions of humane life: and, in short, more like a Glass of Nature, shewing us our selves in our ordinary habits: and figuring a more practicable vertue to us, than was done by the Ancients or Moderns. *This he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the* Drama, *or Stage Poetry: and accordingly, intended to divide it into five Books, representing the same number of Acts; and every Book into several* Canto's, *imitating the Scenes which compose our Acts.*

But this, I think, is rather a Play in Narration (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem. If at least you will not prefer the opinion of a single Man to the practice of the most excellent Authors both of ancient and latter Ages. I am no admirer of Quotations; but you shall hear, if you please, one of the Ancients delivering his judgment on this Question: viz. Petronius Arbiter, *the most Elegant, and one of the most judicious Authors of the* Latine *tongue: who, after he had given many admirable rules for the structure, and beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in these following words:*

Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt; quod longe melius Historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, Deorumque ministeria, præcipitandus est liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.

In which sentence, and in his own Essay of a Poem which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, *who follow'd too much the truth of History; crowded Sentences together; was too full of points; and too often affect'd at somewhat which had more of the sting of an Epigram, than of the dignity and state of an Heroick Poem.* Lucan *us'd not much the help of his Heathen Deities; there was neither the Ministry of the Gods,*

nor the precipitation of the Soul, nor the fury of a Prophet: (of which my Author speaks) in his Pharsalia: *he treats you more like a Philosopher, than a Poet; and instructs you in Verse, with what he had been taught by his Uncle* Seneca *in Prose. In one word, he walks soberly a foot, when he might fly. Yet* Lucan *is not always this Religious Historian. The Oracle of* Appius, *and the witchcraft of* Erictho *will somewhat attone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen and known argument, to follow truth with great exactness. For my part, I am of opinion, that neither* Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, *nor our* English Spencer *could have form'd their Poems half so beautiful, without those Gods and Spirits, and those Enthusiastick parts of Poetry which compose the most noble parts of all their writings. And I will ask any Man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not dispute their tastes who do not) if the Ghost of* Polydorus *in* Virgil, *the enchanted Wood in* Tasso, *and the Bower of Bliss in* Spencer *(which he borrows from that admirable* Italian*) could have been omitted without taking from their works some of the greatest beauties in them. And if any Man object the improbabilities of a Spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick, I boldly answer him, that an Heroick Poet is not ty'd to a bare Representation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that he may let himself loose to visionary objects, and to the Representation of such things as depending not on Sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by knowledge, may give him a freer scope for Imagination. 'Tis enough that in all Ages and Religions, the greatest part of Mankind have believ'd the power of Magick, and that there are Spirits or Spectres which have appear'd. This I say is foundation enough for Poetry: and I dare farther affirm, that the whole Doctrine of separated beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal substances, (which Mr.* Hobbs, *with some reason, thinks to imply a contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines. For their speculations on this subject are wholly Poetical; they have only their Fancy for their guide, and that, being sharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it should in a phlegmatick, heavy Gown-man, will see farther in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory notions on those dark and doubtful Problems.*

Some Men think they have rais'd a great argument against the use of Spectres and Magick in Heroick Poetry, by saying, They are unnatural: but, whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material; 'tis enough that, for ought we know, they may be in Nature: and what ever is or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowley's *Verses before* Gondibert; *(though his Authority is almost sacred to me:) 'Tis true, he has resembled the old Epick Poetry to a fantastick*

ſtick Fairy-land: but he has contradicted himſelf by his own example. For, he has himſelf made uſe of Angels, and Viſions in his Davideis, as well as Taſſo in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this Subject will not be thought digreſſion by the Reader, if he pleaſe to remember what I ſaid in the beginning of this Eſſay, that I have model'd my Heroick Playes by the rules of an Heroick Poem. And, if that be the moſt noble, the moſt pleaſant, and the moſt inſtructive way of writing in verſe, and, withal, the higheſt pattern of humane life, as all Poets have agreed, I ſhall need no other argument to juſtifie my choice in this Imitation. One advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it repreſents to view, what the Poem only does relate, and, Segnius irritant animum demiſſa per aures, Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, as Horace tells us.

To thoſe who object my frequent uſe of Drums and Trumpets, and my repreſentations of Battels; I anſwer, I introduc'd them not on the Engliſh Stage; Shakeſpear us'd them frequently: and, though Johnſon ſhows no Battel in his Cataline, yet you hear from behind the Scenes, the ſounding of Trumpets, and the ſhouts of fighting Armies. But, I add farther; that theſe warlike Inſtruments, and, even the repreſentations of fighting on the Stage, are no more than neceſſary to produce the effects of an Heroick Play; That is, to raiſe the Imagination of the Audience, and to perſwade them, for the time, that what they behold on the Theater is really perform'd. The Poet is, then, to endeavor an abſolute Dominion over the minds of the Spectators: for, though our fancy will contribute to its own deceipt, yet a writer ought to help its operation. And that the Red Bull has formerly done the ſame, is no more an argument againſt our practice, than it would be for a Phyſician to forbear an approv'd Medicine, becauſe a Mountebank has us'd it with ſucceſs.

Thus I have given a ſhort account of Heroick Playes. I might now, with the uſual eagerneſs of an Author, make a particular defence of this. But the common opinion (how unjuſt ſoever,) has been ſo much to my advantage, that I have reaſon to be ſatisfi'd: and to ſuffer with patience all that can be urg'd againſt it.

For, otherwiſe, what can be more eaſie for me, than to defend the character of Almanzor, which is one great exception that is made againſt the Play? 'Tis ſaid, that Almanzor is no perfect pattern of Heroick virtue: that he is a contemner of Kings; and that he is made to perform impoſſibilities.

I muſt therefore avow, in the firſt place, from whence I took the Character. The firſt Image I had of him, was from the Achilles of Homer, the next from Taſſo's Rinaldo, (who was a copy of the former:) and the third from the Artaban of Monſieur Calpranede: (who has imitated both.)

both.) The Original of these, (Achilles) *is taken by* Homer *for his Heroe: and is described by him as one, who in strength and courage surpass'd the rest of the* Grecian *Army: but, withal, of so fiery a temper, so impatient of an injury, even from his King, and General, that, when his Mistress was to be forc'd from him by the Command of* Agamemnon, *he not only disobey'd it; but return'd him an answer full of contumely; and in the most approbrious terms he could imagine: they are* Homers *words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a multitude.*

Οἰνοβαρὲς, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο. Il. α. v. 225.

Δημοβόρος βασιλεῦς, &c. Il. α. v. 321.

Nay, he proceeded so far in his Insolence, as to draw out his Sword, with intention to kill him.

Ἕλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος. Il. α. v. 194.

and, if Minerva *had not appear'd, and held his hand, he had executed his design; and 'twas all she could do to diswade him from it. The event was that he left the Army, and would fight no more.* Agamemnon *gives his Character thus to* Nestor.

Ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
Πάντων μ' κρατέειν ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνάσσειν. Il. α. v. 287. 288.

and Horace *gives the same description of him in his Art of Poetry.*

———Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Tasso's *chief Character,* Rinaldo, *was a man of the same temper: for, when he had slain* Gernando *in his heat of passion, he not only refus'd to be judg'd by* Godfrey, *his General, but threaten'd, that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by Arms upon him: witness these following lines of* Tasso.

Venga egli, omandi, jo terro fermo il piede;
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte, e'l' arme:
Fera tragedia vuol che s' appresenti
Per lor diporti a le Nemiche genti.

You

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the point of Honour, *so much magnified by the* French, *and so ridiculously ap'd by us. They made their* Hero's *Men of* Honour; *but so, as not to divest them quite of humane passions, and frailties: they content themselves to shew you, what Men of great spirits would certainly do, when they were provok'd, not what they were oblig'd to do by the strict rules of moral Vertue; for my own part, I declare my self for* Homer *and* Taſſo; *and am more in love with* Achilles *and* Rinaldo, *than with* Cyrus *and* Croondates. *I shall never subject my Characters to the* French *Standard; where Love and Honour are to be weigh'd by drams and scruples: yet, where I have design'd the patterns of exact vertue, such as in this Play are the Parts of* Almahide, *of* Ozmyn, *and* Benzayda, *I may safely challenge the best of theirs.*

But Almanzor *is tax'd with changing sides: And what tye has he on him to the contrary? he is not born their Subject whom he serves: and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power: but so do* Achilles *and* Rinaldo, *who were Subjects and Soldiers to* Agamemnon *and* Godfrey *of* Bulloigne; *he talks extravagantly in his Passion; but, if I would take the pains to quote an hundred passages of* Ben. Johnson's Cethegus, *I could easily shew you, that the* Rhodomontades *of* Almanzor *are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution: for* Cethegus *threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it: to kill all the Senate for his part of the action; to look* Cato *dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant, he says, but performs not one action in the Play.*

But none of the former calumnies will stick: and therefore, 'tis at last charg'd upon me, that Almanzor *does all things: or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their non-sence who make it, that he performs impossibilities; they say, that being a stranger, he appeases two fighting Factions, when the Authority of their lawful Soveraign could not: this is indeed, the most improbable of all his actions: but, 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made himself contemptible to his people; as the History of* Granada *tells us; and* Almanzor, *though a stranger, yet, was already known to them by his gallantry in the* Juego de toros, *his Engagement on the weaker side, and more especially by the character of his person, and brave actions, given by* Abdalla *just before: and, after all, the greatness of the enterprize consisted only in the daring: for, he had the Kings Guards to second him; but we have read both of* Cæsar, *and many other Generals, who have not only calm'd a Mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their Enemies; which upon sight of them, has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their Trenches. In the rest of* Almanzor's *actions, you see him for the most part victorious: but, the same fortune has constantly attended many*

Heroes

Heroes who were not imaginary. Yet, you see it no Inheritance to him: for, in the first Part, he is made a Prisoner; and, in the last, defeated; and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of Guise *be true, he hazarded more, and perform'd not less in* Naples, *than* Almanzor *is feign'd to have done in* Granada.

I have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play, expos'd to the Criticks, without defence.

The concernment of it is wholly past from me, and ought to be in them who have been favourable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their own opinions. That there are errors in it, I deny not:

Aſt opere in tanto fas eſt obrepere Somnum.

But I have already swept the stakes; and, with the common good fortune of prosperous Gamesters, can be content to sit quietly; to hear my fortune curst by some; and my faults arraign'd by others; and to suffer both without reply.

On

On Mr. DRYDEN'S *PLAY,*
The Conqueſt of GRANADA.

TH' Applauſe I gave among the fooliſh Croud,
Was not diſtinguiſh'd, though I clap'd aloud:
Or, if it had, my judgement had been hid:
I clap'd for Company as others did.
Thence may be told the fortune of your Play,
Its goodneſs muſt be try'd another way.
Let's judge it then, and, if we've any skill,
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill.
There will be Praiſe enough: yet not ſo much,
As if the world had never any ſuch:
Ben. Johnſon, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakeſpear, are
As well as you, to have a Poets ſhare.
You, who write after, have beſides this Curſe,
You muſt write better, or you elſe write worſe.
To equal only what was writ before,
Seems ſtoln or borrow'd from the former ſtore.
Though blind as *Homer* all the Ancients be,
'Tis on their Shoulders, like the Lame, we ſee.
Then not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,
(Praiſes though leſs, are greater when they're true)
You're equal to the beſt, out-done by you;
Who had out-done themſelves, had they liv'd now.

VAUGHAN.

C PRO-

PROLOGUE

To the First PART.

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen Guyn*, in a Broad brim'd Hat, and Waste Belt.

THis Jest was first of th' other Houses making,
And five times try'd, has never fail'd of taking.
For 'twere a shame a Poet should be kill'd
Under the shelter of so broad a shield.
This is that Hat whose very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were in ye.
As then, for Nokes, *so now I hope you'l be*
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.
I'le write a Play, says one, for I have got
A Broad brim'd Hat, and Waste Belt tow'rds a Plot.
Says th' other, I have one more large than that.
Thus they out-write each other with a Hat.
The brims still grew with every Play they Writ;
And grew so large, they cover'd all the Wit.
Hat was the Play: 'twas Language Wit and Tale:
Like them that find Meat, Drink, and Cloth in Ale.
What dulness do these Mungril Wits confess,
When all their hope is acting of a Dress!
Thus two the best Comedians of the Age
Must be worn out, with being blocks o'th' Stage;

Like

Like a young Girl, who better things has known,
Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.
See now what Charity it was to ſave!
They thought you lik'd what only you forgave:
And brought you more dul ſence, dull ſence much worſe
Than brisk gay Non-ſence, and the heavier Curſe.
They bring old Ir'n and Glaſs upon the Stage,
To barter with the Indians of our Age.
Still they write on, and like great Authors ſhow:
But 'tis as Rowlers in wet Gardens grow;
Heavy with Dirt, and gath'ring as they go.
May none who have ſo little underſtood
To like ſuch traſh, preſume to praiſe what's good!
And may thoſe Drudges of the Stage, whoſe Fate
Is damn'd dull Farce more dully to Translate,
Fall under that Exciſe the State thinks fit
To ſet on all French Wares, whoſe worſt is Wit.
French Farce worn out at home, is ſent abroad;
And patch'd up here, is made our Engliſh Mode.
Henceforth let Poets e're allow'd to write,
Be ſearch'd, like Duelliſts, before they fight:
For Wheel-broad Hats, dull Humour, all that chaff
Which makes you mourn, and makes the vulgar laugh:
For theſe, in Plays, are as unlawful Arms,
As, in a Combat, Coats of Mail, and Charms.

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

	By
Mahomet Boabdelin, the laſt King of *Granada*.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Prince *Abdalla*, his Brother.	Mr. *Lydal.*
Abdelmelech, chief of the Abencerrages.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Zulema, chief of the Zegrys.	Mr. *Harris.*
Abenamar, an old Abencerrago.	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Selin, an old Zegry.	Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Ozmyn, a brave young Abencerrago, Son to *Abenamar*.	Mr. *Beeſton.*
Hamet, Brother to *Zulema*, a Zegry.	Mr. *Watſon.*
Gomel, a Zegry.	Mr. *Powel.*
Almanzor.	Mr. *Hart.*

Ferdinand, King of *Spain*.	Mr. *Littlewood.*
Duke of *Arcos*, his General.	Mr. *Bell.*
Don *Alonzo d'Aguilar*, a Spaniſh Captain.	

Almahide, Queen of *Granada*.	Mrs. *Ellen Guyn.*
Lyndaraxa, Siſter to *Zulema*, a Zegry Lady.	Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Benzayda, Daughter to *Selin*.	Mrs. *Bowtel.*
Eſperanza, Slave to the Queen.	Mrs. *Reeve.*
Halyma, Slave to *Lyndaraxa*.	Mrs. *Eaſtland.*
Iſabella, Queen of *Spain*.	Mrs. *James.*

Meſſengers, Guards, Attendants, Men, and Women.

The SCENE in *GRANADA*, and the *Chriſtian* Camp Beſieging it.

Alman.

Almanzor and *Almahide.*

OR, THE

CONQUEST OF Granada.

The First Part.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, Guards.

Boab. THus in the Triumphs of ſoft Peace I Reign;
And from my Walls defie the pow'rs of *Spain*:
With Pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,
While they keep diſtance, and attend my State.
Parent to her whoſe Eyes my Soul inthrall; [*To* Aben.
Whom I, in hope, already Father call;
Abenamar, thy Youth theſe Sports has known,
Of which thy Age is now Spectator grown:
Judge-like thou ſitſt, to Praiſe, or to Arraign
The flying skirmiſh of the darted Cane:
But, when fierce Bulls run looſe upon the place,
And our bold *Moors* their Loves with Danger grace,
Then heat new-bends thy ſlacken'd Nerves again,
And a ſhort Youth runs warm through every Vein.

Aben. I muſt confeſs, th' Encounters of this day
Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way;
Not with the fire of Youth, but gen'rous rage,
To ſee the glories of my youthful Age
So far out done.

Abdel. *Caſtile* could never boaſt, in all its pride,
A pomp ſo ſplendid; when the liſts ſets wide,
Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran
In *Sierra Ronda*, e're the War began:
Who, with high Noſtrils, Snuffing up the Wind,
Now ſtood, the Champion of the Savage kind.
Juſt oppoſite, within the circled place,
Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* Race
(Each brandiſhing his Bull-Spear in his hand)
Did their proud Ginnets gracefully Command.
On their ſtee'ld Heads their demy-Lances wore
Small Pennons, which their Ladies Colours bore.
Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozmyn* goe;
Each Lady, as he rode, ſaluting low;
At the chief Stands, with reverence more profound,
His well taught Courſer, kneeling, touch'd the ground;
Thence rais'd, he ſidelong bore his Rider on,
Still facing, till he out of ſight was gone.

Boab. You praiſe him like a Friend, and I confeſs
His brave Deportment merited no leſs.

Abdelm. Nine Bulls were launch'd by his victorious Arm.
Whoſe wary Ginnet, ſhunning ſtill the harm,
Seem'd to attend the Shock; and then leap'd wide:
Mean while his dext'rous Rider, when he ſpy'd
The beaſt juſt ſtooping; 'twixt the Neck and Head
His Launce, with never erring Fury, ſped.

Aben. My Son did well, and ſo did *Hamet* too;
Yet did no more than we were wont to do;
But what the Stranger did, was more than Man.

Abdel. He finiſh'd all thoſe Triumphs we began.
One Bull, with curl'd black Head beyond the reſt,
And Dew-laps hanging from his brawny Cheſt,
With nodding Front awhile did daring ſtand,
And with his jetty Hoof ſpurn'd back the Sand:
Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
Th' amaz'd aſſiſtants back each other croud,
While, Monarch-like, he rang'd the Lifted Field:
Some toſs'd, ſome goar'd, ſome trampling down, he kill'd.
Th' ignobler *Moors*, from far, his rage provoke,
With Woods of Darts, which from his ſides he ſhook.
Mean time, your valiant Son who had before
Gain'd Fame, rode round to every Mirador,

Be-

Beneath each Ladies Stand a ſtop he made;
And, bowing, took th' applauſes which they paid.
Juſt in that point of time the Brave Unknown,
Approach'd the Liſts.
Boab.——I mark'd him, when alone
(Obſerv'd by all, himſelf obſerving none)
He enter'd firſt; and with a graceful pride
His fiery Arab dextrouſly did guide:
Who, while his Rider every Stand ſurvey'd,
Sprung looſe, and flew into an Eſcapade:
Not moving forward, yet, with every bound,
Preſſing, and ſeeming ſtill to quit his ground.
What after paſs'd——
Was far from the *Ventanna* where I ſate,
But you were near, and can the truth relate. [*To* Abdel.
Abdel. Thus, while he ſtood, the Bull who ſaw this Foe,
His eaſier Conqueſts proudly did forgoe:
And, making at him with a furious bound,
From his bent Forehead aim'd a double wound.
A riſing murmure ran through all the Field,
And every Ladies Blood with Fear war chill'd.
Some ſchriek'd, while others, with more helpful care,
Cry'd out aloud, Beware, brave youth, Beware!
At this he turn'd, and as the Bull drew near,
Shun'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.
The Lance broke ſhort, the Beaſt then bellow'd loud,
And his ſtrong Neck to a new onſet bow'd.
Th' undaunted Youth——
Then drew; and from his Saddle bending low,
Juſt where the Neck did to the Soulders grow,
With his full force diſcharg'd a deadly blow.
Not heads of Poppies, (when they reap the Grain)
Fall with more eaſe before the lab'ring Swayn,
Than fell this Head:——
It fell ſo quick, it did even death prevent,
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.
Then all the Trumpets Victory did ſound:
And yet their clangors in our ſhouts were drown'd.
[*A confus'd noiſe within.*
Boab. Th' Allarm-bell rings from our *Alhambra* Walls,
And, from the Streets, ſound Drums, and Araballs.
[*Within a Bell, Drums and Trumpets.*

How now! from whence proceed these new Alarms?

[To them a Messenger.

Mess. The two fierce Factions are again in Arms:
And, changing into Blood the days delight,
The *Zegrys* with th' *Abencerrages* fight;
On each side their Allies and Friends appear;
The *Maças* here, the *Alabezes* there:
The *Gazuls* with the *Bencerrages* joyn,
And, with the *Zegrys*, all great *Gomels* Line.

Boab. Draw up behind the *Vivarambla* place;
Double my Guards, these Factions I will face;
And try if all the fury they can bring,
Be proof against the presence of their King.

Exit Boabdelin.

The Factions appear; At the head of the Abencerrages, Ozmyn; *at the head of the* Zegrys, Zulema, Hamet, Gomel, *and* Selin: Abenamar *and* Abdelmeleech *joyned with the* Abencerrages.

Zulema. The faint *Abencerrages* quit their ground:
Press'em; put home your thrusts to every wound.

Abdel. Zegry, on Manly Force our Line relies;
Thine poorly takes th' advantage of Surprize.
Unarm'd, and much out-numbred, we retreat,
You gain no Fame when basely you defeat:
If thou art brave, seek nobler Victory;
Save Mooriſh Blood; and while our Bands ſtand by,
Let two to two an equal Combat try.

Hamet. 'Tis not for Fear, the Combat we refuse;
But we our gain'd advantage will not loose.

Zul. In combating, but two of you will fall;
And we resolve we will dispatch you all.

Ozm. We'l double yet th' exchange before we dye;
And each of ours two lives of yours shall buy.

Almanzor *enters betwixt them, as they ſtand ready to engage them.*

Almanz. I cannot stay to ask which Cause is best;
But this is so to me, because oppress.

[Goes to the Abencerrages.

To them Boabdelin *and his Guards going betwixt them.*

Boab. On your Allegiance, I Command you, ſtay;
Who paſſes here, through we muſt make his way.
My life's the *Iſthmos*; through this narrow Line
You firſt muſt cut, before thoſe Seas can joyn.
What Fury, *Zegrys*, has poſſeſt your minds?
What Rage the brave *Abencerrages* blinds?
If of your Courage you new proofs wou'd ſhow,
Without much travel you may find a Foe.
Thoſe Foes are neither ſo remote nor few,
That you ſhou'd need each other to purſue.
Lean times, and Forreign Wars ſhould minds unite,
When poor Men mutter, but they ſeldom fight.
O Holy *Alha*, that I live to ſee
Thy *Granadins* aſſiſt their Enemy!
You fight the Chriſtians Battels; every life
You laviſh thus, in this inteſtine ſtrife,
Does from our weak foundations take one prop,
Which helpt to hold our ſinking Country up.

Ozmyn. 'Tis fit our private Enmity ſhould ceaſe;
Though injur'd firſt, yet I will firſt ſeek peace.

Zulem. No, Murd'rer, no; I never will be won
To peace with him, whoſe hand has ſlain my Son.

Ozmyn. Our Prophets curſe——
On me, and all th' *Abencerrages* light,
If unprovok'd, I with your Son did fight.

Abdelmel. A band of *Zegry's* ran within the place,
Match'd with a Troop of thirty of our race.
Your Son and *Ozmyn* the firſt Squadrons led,
Which, ten by ten, like *Parthyans* charg'd and fled.
The Ground was ſtrow'd with Canes, where we did meet,
Which crackled underneath our Courſers feet.
When *Tarifa* (I ſaw him ride apart)
Chang'd his blunt Cane for a Steel-pointed-Dart,
And meeting *Ozmyn* next,
Who wanted time for Treaſon to provide,
He baſely threw it at him, undefy'd.

Ozm. Witneſs this Blood—which when by Treaſon fought,
That follow'd, Sir, which to my ſelf I ought.

Zulema. His Hate to thee was grounded on a grudge
Which all our generous *Zegrys* juſt did judge;

Thy

Thy Villain Blood thou openly didſt place
Above the Purple of our Kingly race.
Boabd. From equal Stems their Blood both Houſes draw,
They from *Morocco*, you from *Cardova*.
Hamet. Their mungril Race is mixt with Chriſtian breed,
Hence 'tis that they thoſe Dogs in Priſons feed.
Abdel. Our Holy Prophet Wills, that Charity
Sho'd ev'n to Birds and Beaſts extended be:
None knows what Fate is for himſelf deſign'd,
The thought of humane Chance ſhould make us kind.
Gomel. We waſte that time we to revenge ſhou'd give:
Fall on; let no *Abencerrago* live. [*Advancing before the reſt of his party.*
Almanzor, *advancing on the other ſide; and deſcribing a Line with his Sword.*
Upon thy life paſs not this middle ſpace;
Sure Death ſtands guarding the forbidden place.
Gomel. To dare that death, I will approach yet nigher.
Thus, wer't thou compaſs'd in with circling fire.
[*They fight.*
Boab. Diſarm 'em both; if they reſiſt you, kill.
Almanzor, *in the midſt of the Guards, kills* Gomel, *and then is diſarmed.*
Almanz. Now, you have but the Leavings of my will.
Boab. Kill him; this Inſolent Unknown ſhall fall,
And be the Victim to attone you all.
Ozmyn. If he muſt dye, not one of us will live,
That life he gave for us, for him we give.
Boab. It was a Traytors voice that ſpoke thoſe words;
So are you all, who do not ſheath your Swords.
Zulema. Outrage unpuniſh'd when a Prince is by,
Forfeits to ſcorn the Rights of Majeſty:
No Subject his Protection can expect,
Who, what he ows himſelf, does firſt neglect.
Abenamar. This ſtranger, Sir, is he,
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* place
Did, with ſo loud Applauſe, your Tryumphs grace.
Boab. The word which I have giv'n, Ile not revoke;
If he be brave, he's ready for the ſtroke.
Almanz. No man has more contempt than I, of breath;
But whence haſt thou the right to give me death?
Obey'd as Soveraign by thy Subjects be,
But know, that I alone am King of me.

I am as free as Nature first made Man,
E're the base Laws of Servitude began,
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran.

Boab. Since, then, no pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind shou'd use you like a common Foe;
You shou'd be hunted like a Beast of prey;
By your own Law I take your Life away.

Almanz. My Laws are made but only for my sake;
No King against himself a Law can make.
If thou pretend'st to be a Prince like me,
Blame not an Act which should thy pattern be.
I saw th' oppress, and thought it did belong
To a King's Office to redress the wrong:
I brought that succor which thou oughtst to bring,
And so, in Nature, am thy Subjects King.

Boab. I do not want your Counsel to direct,
Or Aid to help me punish or protect.

Alman. Thou wantst 'em both, or better thou wouldst know,
Than to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow.
Divided Int'rests while thou think'st to sway,
Draw, like two Brooks, thy middle stream away:
For though they band and jar, yet both combine
To make their greatness by the fall of thine.
Thus, like a Buckler, thou art held in sight,
While they behind thee, with each other fight.

Boab. Away; and execute him instantly. [*To his Guards.*

Almanz. Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.
[*To them* Abdalla *hastily.*

Abdal. Hold, Sir, for Heav'ns sake hold.
Defer this Noble Strangers punishment,
Or your rash Orders you will soon repent.

Boab. Brother, you know not yet his insolence.

Abdal. Upon your self you punish his offence:
If we treat gallant Strangers in this sort,
Mankind will shun th' Inhospitable Court.
And who, henceforth, to our defence will come,
If Death must be the brave *Almanzor*'s doom?
From *Africa* I drew him to your aid;
And for his Succor have his Life betray'd.

Boab. Is this th' *Almanzor* whom at *Fez* you knew,
When first their Swords the *Zeriff* Brothers drew?

[*Abdal.*

Abdal. This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,
And to the juſter cauſe the Conqueſt brought:
Till the proud *Santo*, ſeated in the Throne,
Diſdain'd the ſervice he had done, to own:
Then, to the vanquiſh'd part his fate he led;
The vanquiſh'd Triumph'd, and the Victor fled.
Vaſt is his Courage; boundleſs is his mind;
Rough as a Storm, and humorous as Wind;
Honour's the onely Idol of his Eyes:
The charms of Beauty like a Peſt he flies:
And rais'd by Valour, from a Birth unknown,
Acknowledges no pow'r above his own.

Boabdelin *coming to* Almanzor.

Impute your danger to our ignorance;
The braveſt Men are ſubject moſt to chance:
Granada much does to your kindneſs owe:
But Towns, expecting Sieges, cannot ſhow
More Honour, than t'invite you to a Foe.

Almanz. I do not doubt but I have been too blame:
But, to purſue the end for which I came,
Unite your Subjects firſt; then let us goe,
And pour their common Rage upon the Foe.

Boab. *to the Factions.*

Lay down your Arms, and let me beg you ceaſe
Your Enmities.

Zul.——We will not hear of peace,
Till we by force have firſt reveng'd our ſlain.

Abdel. The Action we have done we will maintain.

Selin. Then let the King depart, and we will try
Our Cauſe by Arms:

Zul.——For us and Victory.

Boab. A King intreats you.

Almanz. What Subjects will precarious Kings regard?
A Begger ſpeaks too ſoftly to be heard:
Lay down your Arms; 'tis I Command you now.
Do it——or by our Prophets ſoul I vow,
My hands ſhall right your King on him I ſeize.
Now, let me ſee whoſe look but diſobeys.

Omnes. Long live King *Mahomet Boabdelin.*

Alman. No more; but hush'd as midnight ſilence go:
He will not have your Acclamations now:
Hence you unthinking Crowd——

The Common people go off on both parties.

Em-

Empire, thou poor and deſpicable thing,
When ſuch as theſe unmake, or make a King!

Abdal. How much of Vertue lies in one great Soul
[*Embracing him.*
Whoſe ſingle force can multitudes controul!
[*A Trumpet within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Duke of *Arcos*, Sir,———
Does with a Trumpet from the Foe appear.

Boab. Attend him, he ſhall have his Audience here.

Enter the Duke of Arcos.

Arc. The Monarchs of *Caſtile* and *Arragon*
Have ſent me to you to demand this Town:
To which their juſt, and rightful claim is known.

Boab. Tell *Ferdinand* my Right to it appears
By long poſſeſſion of Eight hundred years.
When firſt my Anceſtors from *Affrique* ſail'd,
In *Rodiques* death your *Gothique* Title fail'd.

Arc. The Succeſſors of *Rodique* ſtill remain;
And ever ſince have held ſome part of *Spain*.
Ev'n in the midſt of your victorious pow'rs
Th' *Aſturia*'s, and all *Portugal* were ours.
You have no Right, except you Force allow;
And if yours then was juſt, ſo ours is now.

Boab. 'Tis true; from force the nobleſt Title ſprings;
I therefore hold from that, which firſt made Kings.

Arc. Since then by force you prove your Title true,
Ours muſt be juſt; becauſe we claim from you.
When with your Father you did joyntly Reign,
Invading with your *Moors* the South of *Spain*,
I, who that day the Chriſtians did Command,
Then took, and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.

Boab. I'l hear no more; defer what you would ſay:
In private we'l diſcourſe ſome other day.

Arc. Sir, you ſhall hear, however you are loath,
That, like a perjur'd Prince, you broke your Oath.
To gain your freedom you a Contract ſign'd,
By which your Crown you to my King reſign'd.

From thenceforth as his Vaſſal holding it,
And paying Tribute ſuch as he thought fit:
Contracting, when your Father came to dye,
To lay aſide all marks of Royalty:
And at *Purchena* privately to live;
Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give.

Boab. The force us'd on me, made that Contract void:

Arc. Why have you then its benefits enjoy'd?
By it you had not only freedom then,
But ſince had aid of Money and of Men.
And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
You were by us reſtor'd, and he expell'd.
Since that, in peace we let you reap your Grain,
Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain,
And more———

Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wondrous care
Againſt his Rebels proſecute the War,
While he ſecure in your protection, ſlept,
For him you took, but for your ſelves you kept.
Thus, as ſome fawning Uſurer does feed
With preſent ſums th' unwary Unthrift's need;
You ſold your kindneſs at a boundleſs Rate,
And then o'r paid the Debt from his Eſtate:
Which mouldring piecemeal, in your hands did fall;
Till now at laſt you came to ſwoop it all.

Arc. The wrong you do my King, I cannot bear;
Whoſe kindneſs you would odiouſly compare.
Th' Eſtate was his; which yet, ſince you deny,
He's now content in his own wrong to buy.

Almanz. And he ſhall buy it dear what his he calls:
We will not give one ſtone from out theſe Walls.

Boab. Take this for anſwer, then———
What e're your Arms have conquer'd of my Land
I will, for Peace, reſign to *Ferdinand*:
To harder terms my mind I cannot bring;
But as I ſtill have liv'd, will dye a King.

Arc. Since thus you have reſolv'd, henceforth prepare
For all the laſt extremities of War:
My King his hope from Heaven's aſſiſtance draws:

Almanz. The *Moors* have Heav'n and me t' aſſiſt their cauſe.

Exit Arcos.

Enter

Enter Eſperanza.

Eſper. Fair *Almahide*
(Who did with weeping Eyes theſe diſcords ſee,
And fears the *Omen* may unlucky be:)
Prepares a *Zambra* to be danc'd this night,
In hope ſoft pleaſures may your minds unite.
Boab. My Miſtriſs gently chides the fault I made:
But tedious buſineſs has my Love delay'd;
Buſineſs, which dares the joys of Kings invade.
Almanz. Firſt let us ſally out and meet the Foe:
Abdal. Led on by you we unto Triumph goe.
Boab. Then, with the day, let War and Tumult ceaſe:
The night be ſacred to our Love and Peace:
'Tis juſt ſome joys on weary Kings ſhould wait;
'Tis all we gain by being ſlaves of State.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.

Abdalla, *Abdelmelech*, *Ozmyn*, *Zulema*, *Hamet*, as returning from the Sally.

Abdal. THis happy day does to *Granada* bring
A laſting Peace; and Triumphs to the King:
The two fierce Factions will no longer jar,
Since they have now been brothers in the War:
Thoſe who apart in Emulation fought,
The common danger to one body brought;
And to his coſt the proud *Caſtillian* finds
Our *Mooriſh* Courage in united minds.
Abdel. Since to each others aid our Lives we owe,
Loſe we the name of Faction and of Foe,
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
Since *Lyndaraxa*'s Beauty I adore.
Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lyndaraxa*'s charms,
Which gain the Conqueſt I ſhould loſe by Arms;

And wiſh my Siſter may continue fair,
That I may keep a good,
Of whoſe poſſeſſion I ſhould elſe deſpair.
Ozmyn. While we indulge our common happineſs,
He is forgot by whom we all poſſeſs;
The brave *Almanzor* to whoſe Arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we ſhall do;
Who like a Tempeſt that out-rides the Wind,
Made a juſt Battel e're the Bodies joyn'd.
Abdal. His victories we ſcarce could keep in view,
Or poliſh 'em ſo faſt as he rough drew.
Abdel. Fate after him, below with pain did move,
And Victory could ſcarce keep pace above.
Death did at length ſo many ſlain forget;
And loſt the Tale, and took 'em by the Gret.

To them Almanzor, *with the Duke of* Arcos *Priſoner.*

Hamet. See here he comes,
And leads in Triumph him who did Command
The vanquiſh'd Army of King *Ferdinand:*
Almanzor *to the Duke of* Arcos.
Thus far your Maſters Arms a fortune find
Below the ſwel'd ambition of his mind:
And *Alha* ſhuts a miſ-believers Reign
From out the beſt and goodlieſt part of *Spain.*
Let *Ferdinand Calabrian* Conqueſts make,
And from the *French* conteſted *Milan* take,
Let him new Worlds diſcover to the old,
And break up ſhining Mountains big with Gold,
Yet he ſhall find this ſmall Domeſtique Foe
Still ſharp and pointed to his boſom grow.
Duke of *Arc.* Of ſmall advantages too much you boaſt,
You beat the Outguards of my Maſters Hoaſt:
This little loſs in our vaſt Body ſhews
So ſmall, that half have never heard the news.
Fame's out of breath, e'r ſhe can fly ſo far
To tell 'm all that you have e're made War.
Almanz. It pleaſes me your Army is ſo great:
For now I know there's more to conquer yet.
By heav'n I'l ſee what Troops you have behind;
I'l face this Storm that thickens in the Wind:

And

And with bent Forehead, full againſt it goe,
Till I have found the laſt and utmoſt Foe.

Duke. Believe you ſhall not long attend in vain;
To morrows Dawn ſhall cover all your Plain.
Bright Arms ſhall flaſh upon you from afar;
A wood of Launces, and a moving War.
But I unhappy in my Bands, muſt yet
Be only pleas'd to hear of your defeat:
And with a Slaves inglorious eaſe remain,
Till conquering *Ferdinand* has broke my Chain.

Almanz. Vain Man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak:
I hold thy Chain too faſt for him to break:
But ſince thou threaten'ſt us, I'le ſet thee free,
That I again may fight and conquer thee.

Duke. Old as I am, I take thee at thy word,
And will to morrow thank thee with my Sword.

Almanz. I'le go and inſtantly acquaint the King:
And ſuddain Orders for thy freedom bring.
Thou canſt not be ſo pleas'd at Liberty,
As I ſhall be to find thou dar'ſt be free.

Exeunt Almanzor, Arcos, *and the reſt; excepting only* Abdalla *and* Zulema.

Abdal. Of all thoſe Chriſtians who infeſt this Town,
This Duke of *Arcos* is of moſt renown.

Zul. Oft have I heard that in your Fathers Reign,
His bold Advent'rers beat the Neighb'ring Plain;
Then under *Ponce Leon*'s name he fought,
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.
Till in diſgrace, from *Spain* at length he went,
And ſince continued long in baniſhment.

Abdal. But ſee, your beauteous Siſter does appear.

[*To them* Lyndaraxa.

Zul. By my deſire ſhe came to find me here:

Zulema *and* Lyndaraxa *whiſper*; *then* Zulema *goes out, and* Lyndaraxa *is going after.*

Abal. Why faireſt *Lyndaraxa* do you fly

[*Staying her.*

A Prince, who at your feet is proud to die?

Lyn.

Lynd. Sir, I ſhould bluſh to own ſo rude a thing, [*Staying.*
As 'tis to ſhun the Brother of my King.
Abdal. In my hard fortune I ſome eaſe ſhould find,
Did your diſdain extend to all Mankind.
But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
That you give others what I beg in vain.
Lynd. Take my Eſteem, if you on that can live,
For frankly Sir, 'tis all I have to give.
If from my heart you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the place is taken up before.
Abdal. My Rival merits you.
To *Abdelmelech* I will Juſtice do,
For he wants Worth who dares not praiſe a Foe.
Lynd. That for his Vertue, Sir, you make defence,
Shows in your own a Noble confidence:
But him defending, and excuſing me,
I know not what can your advantage be.
Abdal. I fain would ask, e're I proceed in this,
If, as by choice, you are by promiſe his?
Lynd. Th' Engagement only in my Love does lye;
But that's a knot which you can ne'r untye.
Abdal. When Cities are beſieg'd and Treat to yield,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flag of Parly may be taken down,
Till the ſucceſs of thoſe without be known.
Lynd. Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet poſſeſt,
Yet I have ſeal'd the Treaty for my Breſt.
Abdal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a day,
Some chance might break it, would you but delay:
If I can judge the Secrets of your heart,
Ambition in it has the greateſt part;
And wiſdom then will ſhew ſome difference
Betwixt a private Perſon and a Prince.
Lynd. Princes are Subjects ſtill: ——
Subject and Subject can ſmall diff'rence bring:
The diff'rence is 'twixt Subjects and a King.
And ſince Sir, you are none, your hopes remove;
For leſs then Empire, I'le not change my Love.
Abdal. Had I a Crown, all I ſhould prize in it,
Should be the pow'r to lay it at your feet.
Lynd. Had you that Crown which you but wiſh, not hope,
Then I, perhaps might ſtoop and take it up.

But

But till your wiſhes and your hopes agree,
You ſhall be ſtill a private Man with me.
Abdal. If I am King, and if my Brother dye———
Lyndar. Two if's, ſcarce make one poſſibility.
Abdal. The rule of happineſs by reaſon ſcan;
You may be happy with a private Man.
Lyndar. That happineſs I may enjoy, 'tis true;
But then that private Man muſt not be you.
Where e're I love, I'm happy in my choice;
If I make you ſo, you ſhall pay my price.
Abdal. Why wou'd you be ſo great?
Lyndar.———Becauſe I've ſeen
This day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each motion of her Eye,
None could be ſeen while *Almahide* was by;
Why wou'd I be a Queen! becauſe my Face
Wou'd wear the Title with a better grace.
If I became it not, yet it wou'd be
Part of your Duty, then, to flatter me.
Theſe are not half the Charms of being great:
I wou'd be ſomewhat———that I know not yet:
Yes; I avow th' ambition of my Soul,
To be that one, to live without controul:
And that's another happineſs to me
To be ſo happy as but one can be.
Abdal. Madam, (becauſe I would all doubts remove,)
Wou'd you, were I a King, accept my Love?
Lynd. I wou'd accept it; and to ſhow 'tis true;
From any other man as ſoon as you.
Abdal. Your ſharp replies make me not love you leſs;
But make me ſeek new paths to Happineſs.
What I deſign, by time will beſt be ſeen.
You may be mine; and yet may be a Queen:
When you are ſo, your Word your Love aſſures.
Lynd. Perhaps not love you—but I will be yours.
He offers to take her hand and kiſs it.
Stay Sir; that grace I cannot yet allow;
Before you ſet the Crown upon my Brow.
That favour which you ſeek—
Or *Abdelmelech*, or a King muſt have,
When you are ſo, then you may be my ſlave.
Exit: but looks ſmiling back on him.
Abdal.

But

Abdal. Howe're imperious in her words ſhe were,
Her parting looks had nothing of ſevere.
A glancing ſmile allur'd me to Command;
And her ſoft fingers gently preſt my hand.
I felt the pleaſure glide through every part;
Her hand went through me to my very heart.
For ſuch another pleaſure did he live,
I could my Father of a Crown deprive.
What did I ſay!
Father! that impious thought has ſhock'd my mind:
How bold our paſſions are, and yet how blind!
She's gone; and now
Methinks there is leſs Glory in a Crown;
My boyling paſſions ſettle and go down:
Like Amber chaf't, when ſhe is near ſhe acts,
When farther off inclines, but not attracts.

To him Zulema.

Aſſiſt me *Zulema*, if thou wouldſt be
That friend thou ſeem'ſt, aſſiſt me againſt me.
Betwixt my Love and Vertue I am toſt;
This muſt be forfeited, or that be loſt:
I could do much to merit thy applauſe;
Help me to fortifie the better cauſe.
My Honour is not wholly put to flight;
But would, if ſeconded, renew the fight.

Zul. I met my Siſter; but I do not ſee
What difficulty in your choice can be:
She told me all; and 'tis ſo plain a caſe
You need not ask what counſel to embrace.

Abdal. I ſtand reprov'd, that I did doubt at all;
My waiting Vertue ſtay'd but for thy call:
'T is plain that ſhe who for a Kingdom, now
Would ſacrifice her Love, and break her Vow,
Not out of Love but Int'reſt, acts alone,
And wou'd ev'n in my Arms, lie thinking of a Throne.

Zul. Add to the reſt this one reflexion more,
When ſhe is married, and you ſtill adore,
Think then, and think what comfort it will bring,
She had been mine———
Had I but only dar'd to be a King!

Abdal. I hope you only would my Honour try;
I'm loath to think you Vertues Enemy.

Zul.

Zul. If, when a Crown, and Miſtreſs are in place,
Vertue intrudes with her lean holy Face;
Vertue's then mine, and not I Vertue's Foe;
Why does ſhe come where ſhe has nought to do?
Let her with Anchorit's not with Lovers lye;
States-men and they keep better company.

Abdal. Reaſon was giv'n to curb our head-ſtrong Will.

Zul. Reaſon but ſhews a weak Phyſicians skill:
Gives nothing while the raging fit does laſt:
But ſtays to cure it when the worſt is paſt.
Reaſon's a ſtaff for age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is ſtrong enough to walk alone.

Abdal. In curſt Ambition I no reſt ſhould find;
But muſt for ever loſe my peace of mind.

Zul. Methinks that peace of Mind were bravely loſt;
A Crown, what e're we give, is worth the coſt.

Abdal. Juſtice diſtributes to each man his right;
But what ſhe gives not ſhould I take by might?

Zul. If Juſtice will take all and nothing give,
Juſtice, methinks, is not diſtributive.

Abdal. Had Fate ſo pleas'd, I had been eldeſt born;
And then without a Crime, the Crown had worn.

Zul. Would you ſo pleaſe, Fate yet a way would find;
Man makes his Fate according to his mind.
The weak low Spirit, Fortune makes her Slave;
But ſhe's a Drudge, when Hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weaves common Thrid, he'l change the doom:
And with new Purple ſpread a Nobler Loom.

Abdal. No more;———I will Uſurp the Royal Seat;
Thou who haſt made me Wicked, make me Great.

Zul. Your way is plain; the death of *Tarifa*
Does, on the King, our *Zegry's* hatred draw;
Though with our Enemies in ſhew we cloſe,
'Tis but while we to purpoſe can be foes.
Selin, who heads us, would revenge his Son;
But favour hinders juſtice to be done.
Proud *Ozmyn* with the King his pow'r maintains:
And in him, each *Abencerrago* Reigns.

Abdal. What face of any Title can I bring?

Zul. The right an eldeſt Son has to be King.
Your Father was at firſt a private man;
And got your Brother e're his Reign began.

When by his Valour he the Crown had won,
Then you were born a Monarch's eldeſt Son.
Abdal. To ſharp-ey'd Reaſon this would ſeem untrue;
But Reaſon I through Loves falſe Optiques view.
Zul. Loves mighty pow'r has led me Captive too:
I am in it, unfortunate as you.
Abdal. Our Loves and fortunes ſhall together go;
Thou ſhalt be happy when I firſt am ſo.
Zul. The *Zegry*'s at old *Selim*'s Houſe are met;
Where in cloſe Council, for revenge they ſit;
There we our common Int'reſt will unite;
You their Revenge ſhall own, and they your Right.——
One thing I had forgot, which may import;
I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court;
But with a diſcompos'd and ſpeedy pace,
A fiery colour kindling all his Face:
The King his Pris'ners freedom has deny'd:
And that refuſal has provok'd his pride.
Abdal. Would he were ours!
I'le try to guild th' injuſtice of the cauſe;
And court his Valour with a vaſt applauſe.
Zul. The bold are but the Inſtruments o'th' wiſe:
They undertake the dangers we adviſe:
And while our Fabrick with their pains we raiſe,
We take the Profit, and pay them with Praiſe.

Exeunt.

ACT. III.

Almanzor, Abdalla.

Alman. THat he ſhould dare to do me this diſgrace!
Is Fool or Coward writ upon my Face?
Refuſe my Pris'ner! I ſuch means will uſe,
He ſhall not have a Pris'ner to refuſe.
Abdal. He ſaid you were not by your promiſe ty'd;
That he abſolv'd your word when he deny'd.
Almanz. He break my promiſe, and abſolve my vow!
'Tis more than *Mahomet* himſelf can do.

The

The word which I have giv'n ſhall ſtand like Fate;
Not like the King's, that weathercock of State.
He ſtands ſo high with ſo unfixt a mind,
Two Factions turn him with each blaſt of wind.
But now he ſhall not veer, my Word is paſt:
I'le take his Heart by th' roots, and hold it faſt.

Abdal. You have your Vengeance in your hand this hour;
Make me the humble Creature of your pow'r:
The *Granadins* will gladly me obey;
(Tir'd with ſo baſe and impotent a ſway)
And when I ſhew my Title, you ſhall ſee
I have a better Right to Reign, than he.

Almanz. It is ſufficient that you make the claim:
You wrong our Friendſhip when your Right you name.
When for my ſelf I fight, I weigh the cauſe;
But Friendſhip will admit of no ſuch Laws:
That weighs by th' lump, and when the cauſe is light,
Puts Kindneſs in to ſet the Ballance right.
True, I would wiſh my friend the juſter ſide:
But in th' unjuſt my kindneſs more is try'd.
And all the oppoſition I can bring,
Is, that I fear to make you ſuch a King.

Abdal. The Majeſty of Kings we ſhould not blame,
When Royal Minds adorn the Royal Name:
The vulgar, Greatneſs too much idolize,
But haughty Subjects it to much deſpiſe.

Almanz. I only ſpeak of him,
Whom Pomp and Greatneſs ſit ſo cloſe about,
That he wants Majeſty to fill 'em out.

Abdal. Haſte then, and loſe no time———
The buſineſs muſt be enterpriz'd this night:
We muſt ſurprize the Court in its delight.

Almanz. For you to Will, for me 'tis to Obey;
But I would give a Crown in open day:
And, when the *Spaniards* their Aſſault begin,
At once beat thoſe without, and theſe within.

Exit Almanzor.

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. *Abdalla*, hold; there's ſomewhat I intend
To ſpeak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.

Abdal. If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear;
And what a Rival ſays, I cannot fear.
Abdelm. Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do:
Your Quiet, Honour, and your Friendſhip too,
All for a fickle Beauty you forgo.
Think, and turn back before it be too late;
Behold in me th' example of your Fate.
I am your Sea-mark, and though wrack'd and loſt,
My Ruines ſtand to warn you from the Coaſt.
Abdal. Your Counſels, noble *Abdelmelech*, move
My Reaſon to accept 'em; not my Love.
Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man ſo weak defence,
To truſt frail Reaſon with the rule of Senſe!
'Tis over-pois'd and kick'd up in the Air,
While Senſe weighs down the Scale; and keeps it there.
Or, like a Captive-King, 'tis born away:
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels ſway.
Abdel. No, no; our Reaſon was not vainly lent;
Nor is a Slave but by its own conſent.
If Reaſon on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An eaſie King deſerves no better Fate.
Abdal. You ſpeak too late; my Empire's loſt too far;
I cannot fight.
Abdel.——Then make a flying War;
Diſlodge betimes before you are beſet.
Abdal. Her Tears, her Smiles, her every look's a Net.
Her voice is like a Syren's of the Land;
And bloody Hearts lye panting in her Hand.
Abdel. This do you know, and tempt the danger ſtill?
Abdal. Love, like a Lethargy, has ſeiz'd my Will.
I'm not my ſelf, ſince from her ſight I went;
I lean my Trunck that way, and there ſtand bent.
As one, who in ſome frightful Dream would ſhun
His preſſing Foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own ſlowneſs in his ſleep bemoans,
With thick ſhort Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans;
So I——
Abdel.——Some Friend in Charity, ſhould ſhake,
And rowze, and call you loudly till you wake.
Too well I know her blandiſhments to gain,
Uſurper-like, till ſetled in her Reign;

Then

Then proudly she insults, and gives you Cares,
And Jealousies; short Hopes, and long Despairs.
To this hard Yoke you must hereafter bow;
How e're she shines all Golden to you now.

Abdal. Like him who on the Ice ——
Slides swiftly on, and sees the water near,
Yet cannot stop himself, in his carreat:
So am I carry'd. This enchanted place,
Like *Cyrce*'s Isle, is peopled with a Race
Of Dogs and Swine, yet, though their Fate I know,
I look with pleasure, and am turning too.

Lyndaraxa *passes over the Stage.*

Abdel. Fly, fly, before th' allurements of her face;
'Ere she return with some resistless grace,
And with new Magique covers all the place.

Abdal. I cannot, will not, nay I would not fly;
I'le love, be blind, be cousen'd till I dye.
And you, who bid me wiser Counsel take,
I'le hate, and if I can, I'le kill you for her sake.

Abdel. Ev'n I that counsell'd you, that choice approve,
I'le hate you blindly, and her blindly love:
Prudence, that stemm'd the stream, is out of breath;
And to go down it is the easier death.

Lyndaraxa *re-enters and smiles on* Abdalla.

Exit Abdalla.

Abdel. That smile on Prince *Abdalla* seems to say,
You are not in your killing mood to day.
Men brand, indeed, your Sex with Cruelty,
But you'r too good to see poor Lovers dye.
This God-like Pity in you I extoll;
And more, because, like Heav'ns, 'tis general.

Lynd. My smile implies not that I grant his suit:
'Twas but a bare return of his salute.

Abdel. Its said, you were engag'd, and I in place:
But to please both, you would divide the grace.

Lynd. You've cause to be contented with your part:
When he has but the Look, and you the Heart.

Abdel.

Abdel. In giving but that look, you give what's mine:
I'le not one corner of a glance resign.
All's mine; and I am cov'tous of my store:
I have not Love enough, I'le tax you more.

Lynd. I gave not Love; 'twas but Civility,
He is a Prince, that's due to his Degree.

Abdel. That Prince you smil'd on is my Rival still,
And shou'd, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.

Lynd. I know not how to shew so rude a spight.

Abdel. That is, you know not how to love aright;
Or, if you did, you would more difference see
Betwixt our Souls, than 'twixt our Quality.
Mark if his Birth makes any difference,
If, to his words, it adds one grain of Sence.
That duty which his Birth can make his due,
I'le pay, but it shall not be paid by you.
For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

Lynd. And when did I my pow'r so far resign,
That you should regulate each Look of mine?

Abdel. Then, when you gave your Love, you gave that pow'r.

Lynd. 'Twas during pleasure, 'tis revok'd this hour.
Now call me false, and rail on Woman-kind,
'Tis all the remedy you're like to find.

Abdel. Yes, there's one more,
I'le hate you; and this visit is my last.

Lynd. Do't if you can; you know I hold you fast.
Yet, for your quiet, would you could resign
Your love, as easily as I do mine.

Abdel. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd she speaks!
With what Indifference all her Vows she breaks!
Curse on me, but she smiles.

Lynd. That smile's a part of Love; and all's your due:
I take it from the Prince, and give it you.

Abdel. Just Heav'n, must my poor heart your May-game prove,
To Bandy, and make Children play in Love? } *Half*
Ah how have I this Cruelty deserv'd, } *crying.*
I who so truly and so long have serv'd!
And left so easily! oh cruel Maid.
So easily! 'twas too unkindly said.
That Heart which could so easily remove,
Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.

Lynd.

Lynd. You lodg'd it ſo uneaſie in your Breſt!
I thought you had been weary of the Gueſt.
Firſt I was Treated like a ſtranger there;
But when a Houſhold-Friend I did appear,
You thought, it ſeems, I could not live elſewhere.
Then, by degrees, your feign'd reſpect withdrew:
You mark'd my Actions; and my Guardian grew.
But, I am not concern'd your Acts to blame:
My heart to yours, but upon liking came,
And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys moleſt,
Stays not to Breed where ſhe hath built her Neſt.

Abdel. I have done ill——
And dare not ask you to be leſs diſpleas'd:
Be but more Angry, and my Pain is eas'd.

Lynd. If I ſhould be ſo kind a fool to take
This little ſatisfaction which you make,
I know you would preſume ſome other time
Upon my Goodneſs, and repeat your Crime.

Abdel. Oh never, never: upon no pretence:
My life's to ſhort to expiate this offence.

Lynd. No; now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try;
'Tis in your Nature, and paſt remedy.
You'l ſtill diſquiet my too loving Heart:
Now we are friends 'tis beſt for both to part.

[*Taking her Hand.*

Abdel. By this——will you not give me leave to ſwear:

Lynd You wou'd be perjur'd if you ſhould, I fear.
And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next,
I with your fond ſuſpicions ſhall be vext.

Abdel. I cannot ſay I'le conquer Jealouſie:
But if you'l freely pardon me, I'le try.

Lynd. And, till you that ſubmiſſive Servant prove,
I never can conclude you truly love.

To them, the King, Almahide, Abenamar, Eſperanza, *Guards, Attendants.*

King. Approach, my *Almahide*, my charming fair;
Bleſſing of Peace, and Recompence of War;
This Night is yours; and may your Life ſtill be
The ſame in Joy, though not Solemnity.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

BEneath a Myrtle ſhade,
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtraight my Love before me brought
Phillis, *the Object of my waking thought;*
Undreſs'd ſhe came my Flames to meet,
While Love ſtrow'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet;
Flow'rs, which ſo preſs'd by her became more ſweet.

2.

From the bright Viſions head
A careleſs vail of Lawn was looſely ſpread:
From her white Temples fell her ſhaded Hair,
Like Cloudy Sunſhine, not too brown, nor fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inſpire;
Her every Grace my Heart did fire:
But moſt her Eyes which languiſh'd with deſire.

3.

Ah, Charming fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my bliſs and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love, this lonely ſhade
Was for revenge of ſuff'ring Lovers made.
Silence and Shades with Love agree:
Both ſhelter you, and favour me;
You cannot bluſh becauſe I cannot ſee.

4.

No, let me dye, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid:
Faintly me-thought ſhe ſpoke, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a ſmile.
Then dye, ſaid I. She ſtill deny'd:
And, is it thus, thus, thus, ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid, and ſo ſhe dy'd!

5.

5.

I wak'd, and ſtraight I knew
I lov'd ſo well it made my Dream prove true:
Fancy, the kinder Miſtreſs of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis *wou'd not do!*
Ah, cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain.
While I can dream, you ſcorn in vain;
Aſleep or waking, you muſt eaſe my pain.

The Zambra *Dance.*

After the Dance, a tumultuous noiſe of Drums and Trumpets.

[*To them* Ozmyn, *his Sword drawn.*

Ozm. Arm quickly, arm, yet all, I fear too late:
The Enemy's already at the Gate.
K. *Boab.* The Chriſtians are diſlodg'd; what Foe is near?
Ozm. The *Zegrys* are in Arms, and almoſt here.
The Streets with Torches ſhine, with Shoutings ring,
And Prince *Abdalla* is proclaim'd the King,
What Man cou'd do I have already done;
But bold *Almanzor* fiercely leads 'em on.
Abena. Th' *Alhambra* yet is ſafe in my Command,
[*To the King.*
Retreat you thither, while their ſhock we ſtand.
Boab. I cannot meanly for my Life provide:
I'le either periſh in't, or ſtem this Tyde.
To guard the Palace *Ozmyn*, be your care.
If they o'recome, no Sword will hurt the fair.
Ozm. I'le either dye, or I'le make good the place.
Abdel. And I, with theſe, will bold *Almanzor* face.

Exeunt, all but the Ladies.
An allarm within.

Alma. What diſmal Planet did my Triumphs light?
Diſcord the Day, and Death does rule the Night:
The noiſe my Soul does through my Sences wound.
Lynd. Methinks it is a Noble ſprightly ſound.
The Trumpets clangor, and the claſh of Arms!
This noiſe may chill your Blood, but mine it warms:
[*Shouting and claſhing of Swords within.*

We have already paſt the Rubicon.
The Dice are mine: now Fortune for a Throne.
[*A ſhout within, and claſhing of Swords afar off.*
The ſound goes farther off, and faintly dyes;
Curſe of this going back, theſe ebbing cryes!
Ye winds waft hither ſounds more ſtrong and quick:
Beat faſter Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.
I'le to the Turrets of the Palace go,
And add new fire to thoſe that fight below.
Thence *Heroe-like*, with Torches by my ſide,
(Far be the *Omen* though,) my Love I'le guide.
No; like his better Fortune I'le appear
With open Arms, looſe Vayl, and flowing Hair,
Juſt flying forward from my rowling Sphere.
My Smiles ſhall make *Abdalla* more than Man;
Let him look up, and Periſh if he can. *Exit.*

An Alarm nearer: then Enter Almanzor, *and* Selin, *in the head of the* Zegrys. Ozmyn *Priſ'ner.*

Almanz. We have not fought enough; they fly too ſoon:
And I am griev'd the noble ſport is done.
This only Man, of all whom chance did bring
[*Pointing to* Ozmyn.
To meet my Arms, was worth the conquering.
His brave reſiſtance did my Fortune grace;
So ſlow, ſo threat'ning forward he gave place.
His Chains be eaſie, and his Uſage fair.
Selin. I beg you would commit him to my care.
Almanz. Next, the brave *Spaniard* free without delay:
And with a Convoy ſend him ſafe away.
[*Exit. a Guard.*
[*To them* Hamet, *and others.*
Hamet. The King by me ſalutes you: and, to ſhow
That to your Valour he is Crown does owe,
Would, from your Mouth, I ſhould the Word receive;
And, that to theſe you would your Orders give.
Alm. He much o're-rates the little I have done.
Almanzor *goes to the door, and there ſeems to give out Orders, by ſending People ſeveral ways.*

Selin *to* Ozmyn.
Now to revenge the Murder of my Son.

To

To morrow for thy certain death prepare:
This night I only leave thee to deſpair.
Ozm. Thy idle Menaces I do not fear:
My buſineſs was to dye, or conquer here.
Siſter, for you I grieve I could no more:
My preſent State betrays my want of pow'r:
But, when true Courage is of force bereſt,
Patience, the nobleſt Fortitude, is left.

Exit cum Selin.

Alma. Ah, *Eſparanza*, what for me remains
But Death; or worſe than Death, inglorious Chains!
Eſper. Madam, you muſt not to deſpair give place;
Heav'n never meant misfortune to that Face.
Suppoſe there were no Juſtice in your cauſe;
Beauty's a Bribe that gives her Judges Laws.
That you are brought to this deplor'd Eſtate,
Is but th' ingenious Flatt'ry of your Fate.
Fate fears her Succor like an Alms to give:
And would, you, God-like, from your ſelf ſhould live.
Alma. Mark but how terrible his Eyes appear!
And yet there's ſomething roughly noble there;
Which, in unfaſhion'd Nature, looks Divine;
And like a Gem does in the Quarry ſhine.

Almanzor *returns*; *ſhe falls at his feet, being veyl'd.*

Alma. Turn, Mighty Conqu'ror, turn your Face this way;
Do not refuſe to hear the wretched pray.
Almanz. What buſineſs can this Woman have with me?
Alma. That of th' afflicted to the Deity.
So may your Arms ſucceſs in Battels find;
So may the Miſtreſs of your vows be kind;
If you have any; or, if you have none,
So may your Liberty be ſtill your own.
Almanz. Yes, I will turn my Face; but not my mind:
You bane and ſoft deſtruction of Mankind,
What would you have with me?
Alma.——I beg the grace, [*Unveyling.*
You would lay by thoſe terrors of your face.
Till calmneſs to your Eyes you firſt reſtore,
I am afraid, and I can beg no more.

[Almanzor *looking fixedly on her.*

Well; my fierce viſage ſhall not murder you:
Speak quickly, Woman; I have much to do.

Alma. Where ſhould I find the heart to ſpeak one word;
Your voice, Sir, is as killing as your Sword.
As you have left the lightning of your Eye,
So would you pleaſe to lay your Thunder by!

Alman. I'm pleas'd and pain'd ſince firſt her Eyes I ſaw,
As I were ſtung with ſome *Tarantula:*
Arms, and the duſty Field I leſs admire;
And ſoften ſtrangely in ſome new deſire.
Honour burns in me, not ſo fiercely bright;
But pale, as fires when maſter'd by the light.
Ev'n while I ſpeak and look, I change yet more;
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm numm'd, and fix'd, and ſcarce my Eye-balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!
'Tis he; I feel him now in every part:
Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart.
Surveys in ſtate each corner of my Breſt,
While poor fierce I, that was, am diſpoſſeſt.
I'm bound; but I will rowze my Rage again:
And though no hope of Liberty remain,
Ple fright my Keeper when I ſhake my Chain.
You are——— [*Angrily.*

Alma.———I know I am your Captive, Sir:

Alman. You are—you ſhall—and I can ſcarce forbear—

Alma. Alas!

Alman. —'Tis all in vain; it will not do: [*aſide.*
I cannot now a ſeeming anger ſhow.
My Tongue againſt my Heart no aid affords,
For Love ſtill riſes up, and choaks my words.

Alma. In half this time a Tempeſt would be ſtill:

Alman. 'Tis you have rais'd that Tempeſt in my Will;
I wonnot love you, give me back my Heart.
But give it as you had it, fierce and brave:
It was not made to be a Womans Slave:
But, Lyon-like, has been in Deſarts bred;
And us'd to range, will ne'r be tamely led.
Reſtore its Freedom to my fetter'd Will,
And then I ſhall have pow'r to uſe you Ill.

'*Alma.*

Alma. My ſad condition may your pity move;
But look not on me with the Eyes of Love—
I muſt be brief, though I have much to ſay.

Alman. No, ſpeak: for I can hear you now, all day.
Her ſuing ſooths me with a ſecret pride: [*Softly.*
A ſuppliant Beauty cannot be deny'd: [*aſide,*
Ev'n while I frown, her charms the Furrows ſeize;
And I'm corrupted with the pow'r to pleaſe.

Alma. Though in your worth no cauſe of fear I ſee;
I fear the inſolence of Victory.
As you are Noble, Sir, protect me then,
From the rude outrage of inſulting Men.

Alman. Who dares touch her I Love? I'm all o're Love:
Nay, I am Love; Love ſhot, and ſhot ſo faſt,
He ſhot himſelf into my Breſt at laſt.

Alma. You ſee before you, her who ſhou'd be Queen,
Since ſhe is promis'd to *Boabdelin.*

Alman. Are you belov'd by him! O wretched Fate,
Firſt, that I love at all; then, love too late!
Yet, I muſt love!

Alma.————Alas it is in vain;
Fate for each other did not us ordain.
The chances of this day too clearly ſhow
That Heav'n took care that it ſhould not be ſo.

Alman. Would Heav'n had quite forgot me this one day,
But Fate's yet hot————
I'le make it take a bent another way. [*He walks ſwiftly and diſcompoſedly ſtudying.*
I bring a claim which does his right remove:
You're his by promiſe, but you're mine by Love.
'Tis all but Ceremony which is paſt:
The knot's to tye, which is to make you faſt.
Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that pow'r:
He woo'd you but as my Ambaſſador.

Alma. Our Souls are ty'd by holy Vows above.

Alman. He ſign'd but his: but I will Seal my Love.
I love you better; with more zeal than he.

Alma. This day——
I gave my Faith to him, he his to me.

Alman. Good Heav'n, thy Book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of this day.

Or, if the order of the World below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that Minute when she made her vow.
"That Minute, ev'n the happy from their bliss might give:
"And those who live in grief, a shorter time would live.
So small a Link, if broke, th' eternal Chain
Would, like divided Waters, joyn again.
It wonnot be; the fugitive is gone;
Prest by the crow'd of following Minutes on:
That precious Moment's out of Nature fled,
And in the heap of common Rubbish laid,
Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.

Alma. Your passion, like a fright, suspends my pain:
It meets, o'r-powr's, and bears mine back again.
But, as when Tides against the current flow,
The Native Stream runs its own course below:
So, though your Griefs possess the upper part,
My own have deeper Channels in my Heart.

Almanz. Forgive that Fury which my Soul does move;
'Tis the Essay of an untaught first love.
Yet rude, unfashion'd truth it does express:
'Tis Love just peeping in an hasty dress.
Retire, fair Creature, to your needful Rest;
There's something Noble lab'ring in my Breast:
This raging fire which through the Mass does move,
Shall purge my Dross, and shall refine my Love.

Exeunt Almahide *and* Esperanza.

She goes; and I, like my own Ghost appear:
It is not living, when She is not here.

[*To him* Abdella, *as King, attended.*

Abdal. My first acknowledgments to Heav'n are due;
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.

Alman. A poor surprize, and on a naked Foe.
What ever you confess, is all you owe.
And I no Merit own, or understand
That Fortune did you Justice by my hand.
Yet, if you will that little service pay;
With a great favour I can shew the way.

Abdal. I have a favour to demand of you;
That is, To take the thing for which you sue.

Alman. Then, briefly, thus; When I th' *Albayzin* won,
I found the beauteous *Almahide* alone:

Whose

Whoſe ſad condition did my pity move:
And that compaſſion did produce my Love.
Abdal. This needs no ſute; in juſtice I declare,
She is your Captive by the right of War.
Alman. She is no Captive then; I ſet her free.
And rather than I will her Jayler be,
I'le Nobly loſe her in her liberty.
Abdal. Your Generoſity I much approve,
But your exceſs of that, ſhews want of Love.
Alman. No, 'tis th' exceſs of Love which mounts ſo high,
That, ſeen far off, it leſſens to the Eye.
Had I not lov'd her, and had ſet her free;
That, Sir, had been my Generoſity:
But 'tis exalted paſſion, when I ſhow
I dare be wretched not to make her ſo.
And, while another Paſſion fills her Breſt,
I'le be all Wretched rather than half Bleſt.
Abdal. May your Heroick Act ſo proſperous be,
That *Almahide* may ſigh you ſet her free.

Enter Zulema.

Zul. Of five tall Tow'rs which fortifie this Town,
All but th' *Alhambra* your Dominion own.
Now therefore boldly I confeſs a Flame
Which is excus'd in *Almahida*'s name.
If you the merit of this night regard,
In her poſſeſſion I have my reward.
Alman. She your reward! why ſhe's a Gift ſo great——
That I my ſelf have not deſerv'd her yet.
And therefore, though I won her with my Sword,
I have with awe my Sacriledge reſtor'd.
Zul. What you deſerve——
I'le not diſpute, becauſe I do not know;
This only I will ſay, She ſhall not go.
Alman. Thou, ſingle, art not worth my anſwering;
But take what Friends, what Armies thou canſt bring;
What Worlds; and when you are united all,
Then I will Thunder in your ears—She ſhall.
Zul. I'le not one tittle of my Right reſign;
Sir, your implicite promiſe made her mine.
When I in general terms my Love did ſhow,
You ſwore our Fortunes ſhould together go.

Abdal,

Abdal. The merits of the cauſe I'le not decide,
But, like my Love, I would my Gift divide.
Your equal Titles then no longer plead;
But one of you, for love of me recede.
Alm. I have receded to the utmoſt line,
When, by my free conſent, ſhe is not mine.
Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will joyn to ſet her free.
Zul. If you will free your part of her, you may;
But, Sir, I love not your Romantique way.
Dream on; enjoy her Soul; and ſet that free;
I'm pleas'd her Perſon ſhould be left for me.
Alman. Thou ſhalt not wiſh her thine, thou ſhalt not dare
To be ſo impudent, as to deſpair.
Zul. The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concern'd to ſee
How much their merit you neglect in me.
Hamet. Your ſlighting *Zulema*, this very hour
Will take ten thouſand Subjects from you'r pow'r.
Alman. What are ten thouſand Subjects ſuch as they;
If I am ſcorn'd——I'le take my ſelf away.
Abdal. Since both cannot poſſeſs what both purſue;
I grieve, my friend, the chance ſhould fall on you.
But when you hear what reaſons I can urge——
Alman. None, none that your Ingratitude can purge,
Reaſon's a trick, when it no Grant affords:
It ſtamps the face of Majeſty on words.
Abdal. Your boldneſs to your ſervices I give;
Now take it as your full reward to live.
Alman. To live!
If from thy hands alone my death can be,
I am immortal; and a God to thee.
If I would kill thee now, thy fate's ſo low,
That I muſt ſtoop e're I can give the blow.
But mine is fix'd ſo far above thy Crown,
That all thy Men
Pil'd on thy back can never pull it down.
But at my eaſe thy deſtiny I ſend,
By ceaſing from this hour to be thy friend.
Like Heav'n I need but only to ſtand ſtill;
And, not concurring to thy life, I kill:
Thou canſt no Title to my duty bring:
I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.

Fare-

Farewel, when I am gone
There's not a Star of thine dare ſtay with thee:
I'le whiſtle thy tame Fortune after me.
And whirl Fate with me whereſo e're I fly:
As Winds drive Storms before 'em in the Sky. *Exit.*

Zul. Let not this Inſolent unpuniſh'd go;
Give your Commands; your Juſtice is too ſlow.

[*Zulema, Hamet, and others are going after him.*

Abdal. Stay: and what part he pleaſes let him take;
I know my Throne's too ſtrong for him to ſhake.
But my fair Miſtreſs I too long forget:
The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.
Without her preſence all my joys are vain;
Empire a Curſe; and Life it ſelf a pain.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Guards.

Boab. ADviſe, or aid, but do not pity me;
No Monarch born can fall to that degree.
Pity deſcends from Kings to all below;
But can no more than Fountains upward flow.
Witneſs juſt Heav'n, my greateſt grief has been,
I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.

Aben. I have too long th' effects of Fortune known,
Either to truſt her Smiles, or fear her Frown.
Since that in their attempt you were not ſlain,
Your ſafety bodes you yet a ſecond Reign.
The People, like a headlong Torrent go;
And every Damm they break, or overflow:
But unoppos'd, they either loſe their force,
Or wind in Volumes to their former courſe.

Boab. In Walls we meanly muſt our hopes incloſe,
To wait our Friends, and weary out our Foes;
While *Almahide*
To lawleſs Rebels is expos'd a Prey,
And forc'd the luſtful Victor to Obey.

Aben. One of my Blood, in rules of Vertue bred!
Think better of her; I believe she's dead.

[*To them* Almanzor.

Boab. We are betray'd; the Enemy is here;
We have no farther room to hope or fear.

Alman. It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you see,
But he no longer is your Enemy.
You were ungrateful, but your foes were more;
What your injustice lost you, theirs restore.
Make profit of my vengeance while you may,
My two-edg'd Sword can cut the other way.
I am your Fortune; but am swift like her,
And turn my hairy Front if you defer.
That hour when you delib'rate is too late:
I point you the white moment of your Fate.

Aben. Believe him sent as Prince *Abdalla*'s spy;
He would betray us to the Enemy.

Alman. Were I, like thee, in cheats of State grown old,
(Those publick Markets where, for forreign Gold,
The poorer Prince is to the Richer sold;)
Then, thou might'st think me fit for that low part:
But I am yet to learn the Statesmans Art.
My Kindness and my Hate, unmask'd I wear;
For Friends to trust, and Enemies to fear.
My Heart's so plain,
That Men on every passing thought may look,
Like Fishes gliding in a Chrystal Brook:
When troubled most, it does the bottom show,
'Tis Weedless all above, and Rockless all below.

Aben. E're he be trusted let him first be try'd;
He may be false who once has chang'd his side.

Alman. In that you more accuse your selves than me:
None who are injur'd can unconstant be.
You were unconstant; you who did the wrong;
To do me justice, does to me belong.
Great Souls by kindness only can be ty'd;
Injur'd again, again I'le leave your side.
Honour is what my self and friends I owe;
And none can lose it who forsake a Foe.
Since then, your Foes now happen to be mine,
Though not in Friendship, we'l in Int'rest joyn.

So

So while my lov'd Revenge is full and high,
I'le give you back your Kingdom by the by.

[Boabdelin *embracing him.*

That I ſo long delay'd what you deſire,
Was not to doubt your Worth, but to Admire.
Alman. This Counſellor an old mans caution ſhows,
Who fears that little he has left, to loſe:
Age ſets to Fortune, while Youth boldly throws.
But let us firſt your drooping Souldiers cheer:
Then ſeek out danger, e're it dare appear.
This hour I fix your Crown upon your Brow;
Next hour Fate gives it; but I give it now.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Lyndaraxa *alone.*

Oh could I read the dark decrees of Fate,
That I might once know whom to love or hate!
For I my ſelf ſcarce my own thoughts can ghueſs;
So much I find 'em varied by ſucceſs.
As in ſome Weather-Glaſs my Love I hold;
Which falls or riſes with the heat or cold.
I will be conſtant yet, if Fortune can;
I love the King: let her but name the Man.

[*To her* Halyma,

Hal. Madam, a Gentleman to me unknown,
Deſires that he may ſpeak with you alone.
Lynd. Some Meſſage from the King: let him appear.

To her Abdelmelech: *who, Entring throws off his Diſguiſe.* [*She ſtarts.*

Abdel. I ſee you are amaz'd that I am here.
But let at once your Fear and Wonder end;
In the Uſurpers Guard I found a Friend,
Who led me to you ſafe in this diſguiſe.
Lynd. Your danger brings this trouble in my Eyes:
But what affair this vent'rous viſit drew?
Abdel. The greateſt in the World; the ſeeing you.
Lynd. The Courage of your Love I ſo admire,
That to preſerve you, you ſhall ſtraight retire.

[*She leads him to the Door.*

Go, Dear, each Minute does new dangers bring;
You will be taken; I expect the King.

Abdel. The King! the poor Uſurper of an hour,
His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly pow'r.
I warn you as a Lover and a Friend,
To leave him e're his ſhort Dominion end.
The Soldier I ſuborn'd will wait at night;
And ſhall alone be conſcious of your flight. —

Lynd. I thank you that you ſo much care beſtow;
But, if his Reign be ſhort, I need not go.
For why ſhould I expoſe my life and yours,
For what, you ſay, a little time aſſures?

Abdel. My danger in th' attempt is very ſmall:
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.
But, though his Ruine be as ſure as Fate,
Your proof of Love to me would come too late:
This Tryal I in kindneſs wou'd allow;
'Tis eaſie; if you love me, ſhow it now.

Lynd. It is becauſe I love you, I refuſe:
For all the World my Conduct would accuſe,
If I ſhould go with him I love, away:
And therefore in ſtrict Vertue, I will ſtay.

Abdel. You would in vain diſſemble Love to me:
Through that thin Veyl your Artifice I ſee.
You would expect th' event, and then declare:
But do not, do not drive me to deſpair.
For if you now refuſe with me to fly,
Rather than love you after this, I'le dye.
And therefore weigh it well before you ſpeak;
My King is ſafe; his Force within not weak.

Lynd. The Counſel you have giv'n me, may be wiſe:
But, ſince th' affair is great, I will adviſe.

Abdel. Then that delay, I for denial take.——[*Is going.*

Lynd. Stay; you too ſwift an Expoſition make.
If I ſhould go, ſince *Zulema* will ſtay,
I ſhould my Brother to the King betray.

Abdel. There is no fear: but if there were, I ſee
You value ſtill your Brother more than me.
Farewel; ſome eaſe I in your falſhood find;
It lets a Beam in that will clear my mind.

My

My former weakneſs I with ſhame confeſs;
And when I ſee you next, ſhall love you leſs.

[*Is going again.*

Lynd. Your faithleſs dealing you may bluſh to tell.

[*Weeping.*

This is a Maids Reward who loves too well.

[*He looks back.*

Remember that I drew my lateſt breath
In charging your unkindneſs with my death.

[Abdel *coming back.*

Have I not anſwered all you can invent,
Ev'n the leaſt ſhadow of an Argument?

Lynd. You want not cunning what you pleaſe to prove;
But my poor Heart knows only how to Love.
And, finding this, you Tyrannize the more:——
'Tis plain, ſome other Miſtreſs you adore:
And now, with ſtudied tricks of ſubtilty,
You come prepar'd to lay the fault on me.

[*Wringing her hands.*

But oh that I ſhould love ſo falſe a Man!

Abdel. Hear me; and then diſprove it if you can.

Lynd. I'le hear no more; your breach of Faith is plain.
You would with Wit, your want of Love maintain.
But, by my own experience, I can tell,
They who love truly cannot argue well.
Go, Faithleſs Man!
Leave me alone to mourn my Miſery:
I cannot ceaſe to love you, but I'le dye.
(Leans her Head on his Arm.)

[Abdelmelech *weeping.*

Abdel. What Man but I ſo long unmov'd could hear
Such tender Paſſion, and refuſe a Tear?
But do not talk of dying any more,
Unleſs you mean that I ſhould dye before.

Lynd. I fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late:
I dye to ſee you ſtill thus obſtinate.
But yet, in Death, my truth of Love to ſhow,
Lead me; If I have ſtrength enough, I'le go.

Abdel. By Heav'n you ſhall not go: I will not be
O'recome in Love or Generoſity.
All I deſire to end th' unlucky ſtrife,
Is but a Vow that you will be my Wife.

Lynd.

Lynd. To tye me to you by a Vow, is hard;
It ſhows my Love you as no Tye regard.
Name any thing but that, and I'le agree.
Abdel. Swear then, you never will my Rival's be.
Lynd. Nay, prethee, this is harder then before;
Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.
Abdel. Now I too late perceive I am undone:
Living and ſeeing, to my Death I run.
I know you falſe; yet in your Snares I fall;
You grant me nothing; and I grant you all.
Lynd. I would grant all; but I muſt curb my Will:
Becauſe I love to keep you jealous ſtill.
In your Suſpicion I your Paſſion find:
But I will take a time to cure your mind.
Haly. Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing neer!
Lynd. Haſt quickly hence; leaſt he ſhould find you here.
Abdel. How much more wretched than I came, I go:
I more my Weakneſs, and your Falſhood know;
And now muſt leave you with my greateſt Foe!

Exit Abdelmelech.

Lynd. Go; how I love thee, Heav'n can only tell.
And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well——
Yet, whatſoever Charms a Crown can bring,
A Subject's greater than a little King.
I will attend till Time this Throne ſecure;
And, when I climb, my footing ſhall be ſure.

[*Muſick without.*

Muſick! and, I believe, addreſt to me.

SONG.

WHerever I am, and what ever I do;
My Phillis *is ſtill in my mind:*
When angry I mean not to Phillis *to go,*
My Feet of themſelves the way find.
Unknown to my ſelf I am juſt at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis *too fair and unkind!*

2. *When*

2.

When Phillis *I ſee, my Heart bounds in my Breſt,*
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhown:
But aſleep, or awake, I am never at reſt
When from my Eyes Phillis *is gone!*
Sometimes a ſad Dream does delude my ſad mind,
But, alas, when I wake and no Phillis *I find,*
How I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

3.

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore
He ſhould offer his Treaſure in vain:
O let me alone to be Happy and Poor,
And give me my Phillis *again.*
Let Phillis *be mine, and for ever be kind,*
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Raign.

4.

Alas, I diſcover too much of my Love,
And She too well knows her own power!
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour:
But let me each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phillis *both Falſe and Unkind,*
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

Abdalla *enters with Guards.*

Abdal. Now, Madam, at your feet a King you ſee:
Or rather, if you pleaſe, a Scepter'd Slave;
'Tis juſt you ſhould poſſeſs the pow'r you gave.
Had Love not made me yours, I yet had bin
But the firſt Subject to *Boabdelin.*
Thus Heav'n declares the Crown I bring, your due:
And had forgot my Title, but for you.
Lynd. Heav'n to your Merits will, I hope, be kind;
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its mind.
'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your Head;
But does not fix it till your Brother's dead.
Abdal. All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my pow'r;
And that my Forces go to take this hour.

Lynd.

Lynd. When, with its Keys, your Brothers Head you bring,
I ſhall believe you are indeed a King.

Abdal. But, ſince th' events of all things doubtful are,
And, of Events, moſt doubtful thoſe of War;
I beg to know before, if Fortune frown,
Muſt I then loſe your Favour with my Crown?

Lynd. You'll ſoon return a Conqueror again;
And therefore, Sir, your queſtion is in vain.

Abdal. I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more aſſure it by your Love.
That Grant will make my Arms invincible.

Lynd. My pray'rs and wiſhes your ſucceſs foretel.
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your Victory.

Abdal. But if I loſe it, muſt I loſe You too?

Lynd. You are too curious, if you more would know.
I know not what my future thoughts will be;
Poor Womens thoughts are all *Extempore*.
Wiſe Men, indeed,
Before hand a long chain of Thoughts produce;
But ours are only for our preſent uſe.

Abdal. Thoſe thoughts you will not know, too well declare,
You mean to wait the final doom of War.

Lynd. I find you come to quarrel with me now:
Would you know more of me than I allow?
Whence are you grown that great Divinity,
Who with ſuch eaſe into my thoughts can pry?
Indulgence does not with ſome tempers ſute;
I ſee I muſt become more Abſolute.

Abdal. I muſt ſubmit;
On what hard terms ſo e're my Peace be bought.

Lynd. Submit! you ſpeak as you were not in fault.
'Tis evident the injury is mine;
For why ſhould you my ſecret thoughts divine?

Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by Reaſons Laws!

Lynd. Then you would have your Reaſon judge my Cauſe?
Either confeſs your fault, or hold your tongue;
For I am ſure I'm never in the wrong.

Abdal. Then I acknowledge it.

Lynd.——————Then I forgive.

Abdal. Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!

Who,

Who, like the vanquiſh'd, muſt their Right releaſe:
And with the loſs of Reaſon, buy their Peace. [*aſide.*
Madam, to ſhow that you my pow'r Command,
I put my Life and Safety in your Hand:
Diſpoſe of the *Albayzan* as you pleaſe:
To your fair Hands I here reſign the Keys.
Lynd. I take your Gift, becauſe your Love it ſhows;
And faithful *Selin* for *Alcalde* chooſe.
Abdal. Selin, from her alone your Orders take:
This one Requeſt, yet, Madam, let me make,
That, from thoſe Turrets, you th' aſſault will ſee;
And Crown, once more, my Arms with Victory.
[*Leads her out.*

Selin *remains with* Gazul, *and* Reduan *his Servants.*

Selin. Gazul, go tell my Daughter that I wait:
You, *Reduan*, bring the Priſ'ner to his Fate.
E're of my charge I will poſſeſſion take,
A bloody Sacrifice I mean to make:
The Manes of my Son ſhall ſmile this day,
While I in Blood my Vows of Vengeance pay.
{ *Exeunt* Gazul *and* Reduan.

Enter at one door, Benzayda *with* Gazul, *at the other*, Ozmyn *bound*, *with* Reduan.

Selin. I ſent *Benzayda* to glad your Eyes:
Theſe Rites we owe your Brothers Obſequies.
[*To* Gazul *and* Reduan.
You two the curſt *Abencerrago* bind,
You need no more t' inſtruct you in my mind.
[*They bind him to one corner of the Stage.*
Benz. In what ſad Object am I call'd to ſhare?
Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare?
Selin. 'Tis, what your dying Brother did bequeath,
A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of Death.
Benz. The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright;
I want the Heart to ſee the diſmal ſight.
Selin. You are my principal invited gueſt:
Whoſe Eyes I would not only feed, but feaſt:
You are to ſmile at his laſt groaning breath,
And laugh to ſee his Eye-balls rowl in death:
To judge the lingring Souls convulſive ſtrife,
When thick, ſhort breath catches at parting life.

Benz. And of what Marble do you think me made?
Selin. What, can you be of juſt Revenge afraid?
Benz. He kill'd my Brother in his own defence,
Pity his Youth, and ſpare his Innocence.
Selin. Art thou ſo ſoon to pardon Murder, won?
Can he be innocent who kill'd my Son?
Abenamar ſhall mourn as well as I;
His *Ozmyn* for my *Tarifa* ſhall dye.
But, ſince thou pleadſt ſo boldly, I will ſee
That Juſtice thou woud'ſt hinder, done by thee.
[*Gives her his Sword.*
Here, take the Sword; and do a Siſters part;
Pierce his, fond Girl; or I will pierce thy Heart.
Ozmyn. To his Commands I joyn my own requeſt,
All wounds from you are welcome to my Breſt:
Think only when your hand this act has done,
It has but finiſh'd what your Eyes begun.
I thought with ſilence to have ſcorn'd my doom;
But now your noble Pity has o'recome:
Which I ackowledge with my lateſt breath;
The firſt who e'r began a Love in Death.
[Benz. *to* Selin.
Alas, what aid can my weak Hand afford;
You ſee I tremble when I touch a Sword?
The brightneſs dazles me, and turns my ſight:
Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim leſs right.
Ozm. I'le guide the hand which muſt my death convay;
My leaping Heart ſhall meet it half the way.
Selin *to* Benz.
Waſte not the precious time in idle breath.
Benz. Let me reſign this inſtrument of Death.
{*Giving the Sword to her Father;*
{ *and then pulling it back.*
Ah, no: I was too haſty to reſign;
'Tis in your hand more mortal than in mine.
[*To them* Hamet.
Ha. The King is from th' *Alhambra* beaten back;
And now preparing for a new attack;
To favour which, he wills, that inſtantly
You reinforce him with a new ſupply.
Selin *to* Benz.
Think not, although my duty calls me hence,
That with the breach of yours I will diſpence: E're

E're my return, ſee my Commands you do;
Let me find *Ozmyn* dead; and kill'd by you.
Gazul and *Reduan* attend her ſtill;
And if ſhe dares to fail, perform my Will.

Exeunt Selin *and* Hamet.

Benzayda *looks languiſhing on him, with her Sword drawn.* Gazul *and* Reduan *ſtanding with drawn Swords by her.*

Ozm. Defer not, fair *Benzayda*, my death;
Looking on you———
I ſhould but live to ſigh away my breath.
My Eyes have done the work they had to do;
I take your Image with me which they drew;
And when they cloſe, I ſhall dye full of you.
Bedz. When Parents their Commands unjuſtly lay,
Children are priviledg'd to diſobey.
Yet from that breach of Duty I am clear,
Since I ſubmit the penalty to bear.
To dye, or kill you, is th' alternative;
Rather than take your life, I will not live.
Ozm. This ſhows th' exceſs of Generoſity;
But, Madam, you have no pretence to dye.
I ſhould defame th' *Abencerrage*'s Race
To let a Lady ſuffer in my place.
But neither could that life you would beſtow,
Save mine: nor do you ſo much pity owe
To me, a ſtranger, and your Houſes Foe.
Benz. From whence ſoe're their Hate our Houſes drew,
I bluſh to tell you, I have none for you:
'Tis a Confeſſion which I ſhould not make,
Had I more time to give, or you to take.
But, ſince death's near, and runs with ſo much force,
We muſt meet firſt, and intercept his courſe.
Ozmyn. Oh, how unkind a comfort do you give!
Now, I fear death again, and wiſh to live.
Life were worth taking could I have it now;
But 'tis more good than Heav'n can e're allow,
To one man's portion, to have Life, and You.
Benz. Sure, at our Births,

Death with our meeting Planets danc'd above;
Or we were wounded by a mourning Love!

[*Shouts within.*

Redu. The noiſe returns and doubles from behind;
It ſeems as if two adverſe Armies joyn'd:
Time preſſes us.

Ga.——————If longer you delay,
We muſt, though loath, your Fathers Will obey.

Ozm. Haſte, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands:
And reſcue me from their ignoble Hands.
Let me kiſs yours before my wound you make,
Then, eaſie Death I ſhall with pleaſure take.

Benz. Ah, gentle Soldiers, ſome ſhort time allow;

[*To* Gaz. *and* Red.

My Father has repented him e're now;
Or will repent him when he finds me dead:
My clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn*'s Thred.

Red. 'Tis fatal to refuſe her, or obey:
But where is our excuſe? what can we ſay?

Benz. Say; any thing——————
Say, that to kill the guiltleſs you were loath.
Or, if you did, ſay, I would kill you both.

Gaz. To diſobey our Orders, is to dye:
I'le do't, who dare oppoſe it?

Red.——————That dare I.

{ Reduan *ſtands before* Ozmyn, *and fights with* Gazul.
{ Benzayda *unbinds* Ozmyn; *and gives him her Sword.*

Benz. Stay not to ſee the iſſue of the Fight; } Reduan *kills*
But haſte to ſave your ſelf by ſpeedy flight. } Gazul.

[Ozmyn *kneeling to kiſs her hand.*

Did all Mankind againſt my Life conſpire,
Without this Bleſſing I would not retire.
But, Madam, can I go and leave you here?
Your Fathers anger now for you I fear:
Conſider you have done too much to ſtay.

Benz. Think not of me, but fly your ſelf away.

Red. Haſte quickly hence, the Enemies are nigh:
From every part I ſee our Soldiers fly;
The Foes not only our Aſſailants beat,
But fiercely ſally out on their Retreat;

And,

And, like a Sea broke looſe, come on amain:

{ *To them* Abenamar, *and a party with their Swords drawn; driving in ſome of the Enemies.*

Aben. Traytors, you hope to ſave your ſelves in vain,
Your forfeit Lives ſhall for your Treaſon pay;
And *Ozmyn*'s Blood ſhall be reveng'd this day.

[Ozmyn *kneeling to his Father.*

Ozm. No, Sir, your *Ozmyn* lives, and lives to own
A Fathers Piety to free his Son.

[Abenamar *embracing him.*

Aben. My *Ozmyn!* O thou bleſſing of my age!
And art thou ſafe from their deluded rage!
Whom muſt I praiſe for thy Deliverance,
Was it thy Valour, or the work of Chance?

Ozm. Nor Chance nor Valour could deliver me;
But 'twas a noble Pity ſet me free.
My Life, and what your Happineſs you call,
We to this charming Beauty owe it all.

[Abenamar *to her.*

Inſtruct me, viſible Divinity,
Inſtruct me by what Name to worſhip thee.
For to thy Vertue I would Altars raiſe:
Since thou art much above all humane praiſe.
But ſee———

Enter Almanzor, *his Sword bloody, leading in* Almahide, *attended by* Eſperanza.

My other bleſſing, *Almahide* is here:
I'le to the King, and tell him ſhe is neer.
You *Ozmyn*, on your fair deliverer wait:
And with your Joys the publick Celebrate.

Exeunt.

Almanzor, Almahide, Eſperanza.

Alman. The work is done; now Madam, you are free:
At leaſt, if I can give you Liberty.
But you have Chains which you your ſelf have choſe;
And, oh, that I could free you too from thoſe!
But, you are free from force, and have full pow'r
To go, and kill my hopes and me, this hour.
I ſee, then, you will go; but yet my toil
May be rewarded with a looking while.

[*Alm.*

Alma. *Almanzor* can from every Subject raiſe
New matter for our Wonder and his Praiſe.
You bound and freed me, but the difference is,
That ſhow'd your Valour; but your Vertue this.

Alman. Madam, you praiſe a Fun'ral Victory;
At whoſe ſad Pomp the Conqueror muſt dye.

Alma. Conqueſt attends *Almanzor* every where;
I am too ſmall a Foe for him to fear:
But Heroes ſtill muſt be oppos'd by ſome,
Or they would want occaſion to o'recome.

Alman. Madam, I cannot on bare praiſes live:
Thoſe who abound in praiſes, ſeldom give.

Alma. While I to all the World your worth make known,
May Heav'n reward the pity you have ſhown.

Alman. My Love is languiſhing and ſtarv'd to death,
And would you give me charity, in breath?
Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor:
They ſend to Heaven's, but drive us from their door.

Alma. Ceaſe, ceaſe a Sute
So vain to you and troubleſome to me,
If you will have me think that I am free.
If I am yet a Slave, my bonds I'le bear;
But what I cannot grant, I will not hear.

Alman. You wonnot hear! you muſt both Hear, and Grant;
For, Madam, there's an impudence in want.

Alma. Your way is ſomewhat ſtrange to ask Relief;
You ask with threatning, like a begging Thief.
Once more, *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free?

Alman. Madam, you are from all the World,—but me.
But as a Pyrate, when he frees the Prize
He took from Friends, ſees the rich Merchandize,
And after he has freed it, juſtly buys;
So when I have reſtor'd your Liberty,———
But, then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

Alma. Nay, now you uſe me juſt as Pyrats do:
You free me; but expect a Ranſom too.

Alman. You'ave all the freedom that a Prince can have:
But Greatneſs cannot be without a Slave.
A Monarch never can in private move;
But ſtill is haunted with officious Love.
So ſmall an inconvenience you may bear,
'Tis all the Fine Fate ſets upon the Fair.

Alma.

Alma. Yet Princes may retire when e're they pleaſe;
And breath free Air from out their Palaces:
They go ſometimes unknown, to ſhun their State;
And then, 'tis manners not to know, or wait.

Alman. If not a Subject, then a Ghoſt I'le be;
And from a Ghoſt, you know, no place is free.
A ſleep, awake, I'le haunt you every where;
From my white ſhrowd, groan Love into your Ear.
When in your Lovers Arms you ſleep at night,
I'le glide in cold betwixt, and ſeize my Right.
And is't not better in your Nuptial Bed,
To have a living Lover than a dead?

Alma. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
As if what I could grant you I refus'd.
My Fathers choice I never will diſpute;
And he has choſen e're you mov'd your Sute,
You know my caſe, if equal you can be,
Plead for your ſelf, and anſwer it for me.

Alman. Then, Madam, in that hope you bid me live:
I ask no more than you may juſtly give
But, in ſtrict juſtice there may favour be:
And may I hope you can have that for me?

Alma. Why do you thus my ſecret thoughts purſue,
Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?
Your knowledge but new troubles does prepare,
Like theirs, who curious in their Fortunes are.
To ſay I could with more content be yours,
Tempts you to hope; but not that hope aſſures.
For ſince the King has right,
And favour'd by my Father in his Sute,
'Tis but a bloſſom which can bear no Fruit.
Yet, if you dare attempt ſo hard a task,
May you ſucceed; you have my leave to ask.

Alman. I can with courage now my hopes purſue,
Since I no longer have to combat you.
That did the greateſt difficulty bring:
The reſt are ſmall, a Father, and a King!

Alma. Great Souls diſcern not when the leap's too wide,
Nor view the paſſage, but the farther ſide;
What ever you deſire, you think is near:
But, with more reaſon, the ſucceſs I fear.

Alman.

Alman. No; there is a neceſſity in Fate,
Why, ſtill the brave bold man is fortunate:
He keeps his Object ever full in ſight,
And that aſſurance holds him firm, and right:
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliſs,
But right before there is no precipice:
Fear makes Men look aſide, and then their footing miſs.

Alma. I do your Merit all the right I can;
Admiring Vertue in a private Man:
I only wiſh the King may grateful be,
And that my Father with my Eyes may ſee.
Might I not make it as my laſt Requeſt,
(Since humble carriage ſutes a Suppliant beſt)
That you would ſomewhat of your fierceneſs hide:
That in-born fire; I do not call it Pride.

Alman. Born, as I am, ſtill to Command, not ſue,
Yet you ſhall ſee that I can beg for you.
And if your Father will require a Crown,
Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.
I am, but while I pleaſe, a private Man;
I have that Soul which Empires firſt began.
From the dull crowd which every King does lead,
I will pick out whom I will chooſe to head:
The beſt and braveſt Souls I can ſelect,
And on their conquer'd Necks my Throne erect.

Exeunt.

ACT. V.

Abdalla *alone, under the Walls of the* Albayzin.

Abdal. WHile ſhe is mine, I have not yet loſt all;
But, in her Arms, ſhall have a gentle fall:
Bleſt in my Love, although in War o'rcome,
I fly, like *Anthony* from *Actium*,
To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.
You of the Watch, you of the Watch, appear.

[*Souldier above.*

Who calls below? What's your demand?

Abdal.

Abdal. ——————— 'Tis I:
Open the Gate with ſpeed, the Foe is nigh.
Sold. What Orders for admittance do you bring?
Abdal. Slave, my own Orders; look, and know the King.
Sold. I know you, but my charge is ſo ſevere,
That none, without exception, enter here.
Abdal. Traytor, and Rebel, thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee,
Thy Orders are not to extend to me. [Lyndaraxa *above.*
What ſaucy Slave ſo rudely does exclaim,
And brands my Subject with a Rebels name?
Abdal. Dear *Lyndaraxa* haſte; the Foes purſue.
Lynd. My Lord the Prince *Abdalla*, is it you?
I ſcarcely can believe the words I hear:
Could you ſo courſly Treat my Officer?
Abdal. He forc'd me, but the danger nearer draws,
When I am enter'd you ſhall know the cauſe.
Lynd. Enter'd! Why, have you any buſineſs here?
Abdal. I am purſu'd; the Enemy is near.
Lynd. Are you purſu'd, and do you thus delay
To ſave your ſelf? make haſte, my Lord, away.
Abdal. Give me not cauſe to think you mock my grief:
What place have I, but this, for my Relief?
Lynd. This Favour does your Handmaid much oblige:
But we are not provided for a Siege.
My Subjects few, and their Proviſion thin;
The Foe is ſtrong without, we weak within.
This to my Noble Lord may ſeem unkind,
But he will weigh it in his Princely mind:
And pardon her, who does aſſurance want
So much, ſhe bluſhes when ſhe cannot grant.
Abdal. Yes, you may bluſh; and you have cauſe to weep.
Is this the faith you promis'd me to keep?
Ah ye, if to a Lover you will bring
No ſuccor; give your ſuccor to a King.
Lynd. A King is he whom nothing can withſtand;
Who Men and Money can with eaſe Command:
A King is he whom Fortune ſtill does bleſs:
He is a King who does a Crown poſſeſs.
If you would have me think that you are he,
Produce to view your marks of Soveraignty.
But, if your ſelf alone for proof you bring,
You're but a ſingle perſon; not a King.

Abdal. Ingrateful Maid, did I for this Rebel?
I ſay no more; but I have lov'd too well.
Lynd. Who but your ſelf did that Rebellion move?
Did I e're promiſe to receive your Love?
Is it my fault you are not fortunate?
I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate.
Abdal. Who follow Fortune, ſtill are in the right.—
But let me be protected here this night.
Lynd. The place to morrow will be circled round;
And then no way will for your flight be found.
Abdal. I hear my Enemies juſt coming on;
[*trampling within.*
Protect me but one hour, till they are gone.
Lynd. They'l know you have been here; it cannot be,
That very hour you ſtay will ruine me.
For if the Foe behold our enterview,
I ſhall be thought a Rebel too like you:
Haſte hence; and that your flight may proſperous prove;
I'le recommend you to th' pow'rs above.
Exit Lyndaraxa *from above.*

Abdal. She's gone; ah faithleſs and ingrateful Maid!
I hear ſome tread; and fear I am betray'd:
I'le to the *Spaniſh* King; and try if he
To count'nance his own right, will ſuccor me.
There is more Faith in Chriſtian Dogs, than thee.
Exit.

Ozmyn, Benzayda, Abenamar.

Benz. I wiſh (to merit this) I could have ſaid
My Pity only did his Vertue aid:
'Twas Pity, but 'twas of a Love-ſick Maid.
His manly ſuffering my eſteem did move;
That bred Compaſſion; and Compaſſion, Love.
Ozm. O bleſſing ſold me at too cheap a rate!
My danger was the benefit of Fate.
[*To his Father.*
But that you may my fair deliverer know,
She was not only born our houſe's Foe,
But to my death by pow'rful Reaſons led:
At leaſt, in juſtice, ſhe might wiſh me dead.
Aben. But why thus long do you her name conceal?
Ozm. To gain belief for what I now reveal:

Ev'n

Ev'n thus prepar'd, you ſcarce can think it true,
The Saver of my Life, from *Selin* drew
Her birth; and was his Siſter whom I ſlew.

Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, muſt not be:
Upon my Bleſſing, ſay not it was ſhe.
The Daughter of the only Man I hate!
Two Contradictions twiſted in a Fate!

Ozm. The mutual hate which you and *Selin* bore,
Does but exalt her generous pity more.
Could ſhe a Brothers death forgive to me,
And cannot you forget her Family?
Can you ſo ill requite the life I owe,
To reckon her, who gave it, ſtill your Foe?
It lends too great a luſter to her Line,
To let her Vertue ours ſo much out-ſhine.

Aben. Thou giv'ſt her Line th' advantage which they have,
By meanly taking of the life they gave.
Grant that it did in her a pity ſhow,
But would my Son be pity'd by a Foe?
She has the glory of thy act defac'd:
Thou kill'dſt her Brother, but She triumphs laſt:
Poorly for us our Enmity would ceaſe;
When we are beaten we receive a Peace.

Benz. If that be all in which you diſagree,
I muſt confeſs 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me.
Had I beheld him baſely beg his life,
I ſhould not now ſubmit to be his Wife.
But when I ſaw his courage death controul,
I paid a ſecret Homage to his Soul;
And thought my cruel Father much too blame?
Since *Ozmyn*'s Vertue his Revenge did ſhame.

Aben. What Conſtancy canſt thou e're hope to find
In that unſtable, and ſoon conquer'd mind?
What Piety canſt thou expect from her
Who could forgive a Brothers Murderer?
Or, what Obedience hop'ſt thou to be paid
From one who firſt her Father diſobey'd?

Ozm. Nature that bids us Parents to obey,
Bids Parents their Commands by Reaſon weigh.
And you her Vertue by your praiſe did own,
Before you knew by whom the act was done.

Aben. Your Reaſons ſpeak too much of inſolence;
Her birth's a crime paſt pardon or defence.
Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,
Neither will I by *Selims* Daughter be.
Leave her, or ceaſe henceforth to be my Son:
This is my Will; and this I will have done.

Exit Abenmar.

Ozm. It is a murd'ring Will!
That whirls along with an impetuous ſway;
And like Chain-ſhot, ſweeps all things in its way.
He does my Honour want of Duty call;
To that, and Love he has no right at all.

Benz. No, *Ozmyn*, no; 'tis not ſo great an ill
To leave me, as diſpute a Fathers Will.
If I had any Title to your Love,
A Parent's greater Right does mine remove:
Your Vows and Faith I give you back agen;
Since neither can be kept without a ſin.

Ozm. Nothing but Death my Vows can give me back:
They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.

Benz. Nay, think not, though I could your Vows reſign,
My Love or Vertue could diſpenſe with mine:
I would extinguiſh your unlucky fire,
To make you happy in ſome new deſire:
I can preſerve enough for me and you:
And love, and be unfortunate for two.

Ozm. In all that's good and great,
You vanquiſh me ſo faſt, that in the end
I ſhall have nothing left me to defend.
From every Poſt you force me to remove;
But let me keep my laſt retrenchment, Love.

Benz. Love then, my *Ozmyn*; I will be content
[*giving her hand.*
To make you wretched by your own conſent:
Live poor, deſpis'd, and baniſh'd for my ſake:
And all the burden of my ſorrows take.
For, as for me, in whatſoe're eſtate,
While I have you, I muſt be fortunate.

Ozm. Thus then, ſecur'd of what we hold moſt dear,
(Each others love,) we'll go—I know not where.
For where, alas, ſhould we our flight begin?
The Foe's without; our Parents are within.

Benz.

Benz. I'le fly to you; and you ſhall fly to me:
Our flight but to each others Arms ſhall be.
To providence and chance permit the reſt;
Let us but love enough, and we are bleſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guard*, Zulema; Zulema, *and* Hamet *Priſoners.*

Abdel. They're *Lyndaraxa*'s Brothers; for her ſake
Their Lives and Pardon my Requeſt I make.
Boab. Then *Zulema* and *Hamet*, live; but know,
Your lives to *Abdelmelech*'s ſute you owe.
Zul. The Grace receiv'd, ſo much my hope exceeds,
That words come weak and ſhort to anſwer Deeds.
You've made a venture, Sir, and time muſt ſhow,
If this great Mercy you did well beſtow.
Boab. You, *Abdelmelech*, haſte before 'tis night;
And cloſe purſue my Brother in his flight.

Exeunt Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet.

Enter Almanzor, Almahide, *and* Eſperanza.

But ſee with *Almahide*,
The brave *Almanzor* comes, whoſe conquering Sword
That Crown it once took from me, has reſtor'd.
How can I recompence ſo great deſert!
Alman. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in every part,
My promiſe made; Your foes are fled or ſlain;
Without a Rival, abſolute your Reign.
Yet, though, in juſtice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me:
I beg to go,
Where my own Courage and your Fortune calls,
To chaſe theſe Miſ-believers from our Walls.
I cannot breath within this narrow ſpace;
My Heart's too big; and ſwells beyond the place.
Boab. You can perform, brave Warrior, what you pleaſe;
Fate liſtens to your voice, and then decrees.
Now I no longer fear the *Spaniſh* pow'rs;
Already we are free, and Conquerors.

Almanz.

Almanz. Accept great King to morrow from my hand,
The captive Head of conquer'd *Ferdinand.*
You ſhall not only what you loſt regain,
But, o're the *Byſcain* Mountains to the Mayn,
Extend your ſway where *Moor* did never Reign.

Aben. What in another Vanity would ſeem,
Appears but noble Confidence in him.
No haughty boaſting; but a manly pride:
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide:
He moves excentrique, like a wandring Star;
Whoſe Motion's juſt, though 'tis not regular.

Boab. It is for you, brave Man, and only you,
Greatly to ſpeak, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your benefits too far extend,
I muſt be left ungrateful in the end:
Yet ſomewhat I would pay
Before my Debts above all reck'ning grow;
To keep me from the ſhame of what I owe.
But you———
Are conſcious to your ſelf of ſuch deſert,
That of your gift I fear to offer part.

Alman. When I ſhall have declar'd my high requeſt,
So much preſumption there will be confeſt,
That you will find your gifts I do not ſhun;
But rather much o'r-rate the ſervice done.

Boab. Give wing to your deſires, and let 'em fly;
Secure, they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So bleſs me *Alha* both in Peace and War,
As I accord what e're your wiſhes are.

[Almanzor *putting one knee on the ground.*

Embolden'd by the promiſe of a Prince,
I ask this Lady now with confidence.

Boab. You ask the only thing I cannot grant.

The King and Abenamar *look amazedly on each other.*

But, as a ſtranger, you are ignorant
Of what by publick Fame my Subjects know;
She is my Miſtreſs:

Aben.———And my Daughter too.

Alman. Believe, old Man, that I her Father knew:
What elſe ſhould make *Almanzor* kneel to you?

Nor

Nor doubt, Sir, but your right to her was known:
For had you had no claim but Love alone,
I could produce a better of my own.

[Almahide *softly to him.*

Almanzor, you forget my laſt requeſt:
Your words have too much haughtineſs expreſt.
Is this the humble way you were to move?

[Almanzor *to her.*

I was too far tranſported by my Love.
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to ſue
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.
Sir, at your feet, I make it my requeſt——

To the King, First Line kneeling: ſecond riſing: and boldly.

Though, without boaſting, I deſerve her beſt.
For you, her Love with gaudy Titles ſought,
But I her Heart with Blood and Dangers bought.

Boab. The Blood which you have ſhed in her defence,
Shall have in time a fitting recompence:
Or, if you think your ſervices delay'd,
Name but your price, and you ſhall ſoon be paid.

Alman. My price! why, King, you do not think you deal
With one, who ſets his ſervices to ſale?
Reſerve your gifts for thoſe who gifts regard;
And know, I think my ſelf above reward.

Boab. Then ſure you are ſome God-head; and our care
Muſt be to come with Incenſe, and with Pray'r.

Alman. As little as you think your ſelf oblig'd,
You would be glad to do't when next Beſieg'd.
But I am pleas'd there ſhould be nothing due;
For what I did was for my ſelf, not you.

Boab. You, with contempt, on meaner gifts look down;
And, aiming at my Queen, diſdain my Crown.
That Crown reſtor'd, deſerves no recompence,
Since you would rob the faireſt Jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth ungrateful me to call;
What e're I ow'd you, this has cancell'd all.

Alman. I'le call thee thankleſs King, and perjur'd both:
Thou ſwor'ſt by *Alha*; and haſt broke thy Oath.
But thou doſt well: thou tak'ſt the cheapeſt way;
Not to own ſervices thou canſt not pay.

Boab.

Boab. My patience more than pays thy ſervice paſt;
But know this inſolence ſhall be thy laſt.
Hence from my ſight, and take it as a grace
Thou liv'ſt, and art but baniſh'd from the place.

Alman. Where e're I go there can no exile be;
But from *Almanzor*'s ſight I baniſh thee:
I will not now, if thou would'ſt beg me, ſtay;
But I will take my *Almadide* away.
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here; but know,
We leave thy City empty when We go.

[*Takes* Almahides *hand.*

Boab. Fall on; take, kill the Traytor.

The Guards fall on him, he makes at the King through the midſt of them, and falls upon him; they diſarm him, and reſcue the King.

Alman.——————Baſe and poor!
Bluſh that thou art *Almanzor*'s Conqueror.

Almahide *wrings her hands, then turns and veyls her Face.*

Farewel my *Almahide!*
Life of it ſelf will go, now thou art gone,
Like Flyes in Winter when they loſe the Sun.

Abenamar *whiſpers the King a little; then ſpeaks aloud.*

Aben. Revenge, and taken ſo ſecure away,
Are bleſſings which Heav'n ſends not every day.

Boab. I will at pleaſure now revenge my wrong;
And, Traytor, thou ſhalt feel my vengeance long:
Thou ſhalt not dye juſt at thy own deſire,
But ſee my Nuptials, and with Rage expire.

Alman. Thou dar'ſt not marry her while I'm in ſight:
With a bent Brow thy Prieſt and thee I'le fright,
And, in that Scene——
Which all thy hopes and wiſhes ſhould content,
The thought of me ſhall make the impotent.

[*He is led off by Guards.*

Boabdelin *to* Almahide.

As ſome fair Tulip, by a Storm oppreſt,
Shrinks up, and folds its ſilken Arms to reſt;
Bends to the blaſt, all pale, and almoſt dead,
While the loud Wind ſings round its drooping Head:

So,

So, ſhrowded up your Beauty diſappears;
Unvail, my Love; and lay aſide your fears.
The ſtorm that caus'd your fright, is paſt and done.
Almahide *unvailing, and looking round for* Almanzor.
So Flow'rs peep out too ſoon, and miſs the Sun.
[*turning from him,*

Boab. What myſt'ry in this ſtrange behaviour lyes?

Almah. Let me for ever hide theſe guilty eyes
Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his Tomb;
Or, let'em blaze to ſhew me there a room.

Boab. Heav'n lent their luſtre for a Nobler end:
A thouſand Torches muſt their light attend,
To lead you to a Temple and a Crown.———
Why does my faireſt *Almahida* frown?
Am I leſs pleaſing than I was before,
Or is the inſolent *Almanzor* more?

Alma. I juſtly own that I ſome pity have,
Not for the Inſolent, but for the Brave.

Aben. Though to your King your duty you neglect,
Know, *Almahide*, I look for more reſpect.
And, if a Parents charge your mind can move,
Receive the bleſſing of a Monarch's Love.

Alma. Did he my freedom to his life prefer,
And ſhall I wed *Almanzor*'s Murderer?
No, Sir; I cannot to your will ſubmit:
Your way's too rugged for my tender feet.

Aben. You muſt be driv'n where you refuſe to go:
And taught, by force, your happineſs to know.
[Almahide *ſmiling ſcornfully.*
To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you;
And, when you would, impoſſible to do.
If force could bend me, you might think with ſhame,
That I debas'd the blood from whence I came.
My ſoul is ſoft; which you may gently lay
In your looſe palm; but when 'tis preſt to ſtay,
Like water, it deludes your graſp, and ſlips away.

Boab. I find I muſt revoke what I decreed;
Almanzor's death my Nuptials muſt precede.
Love is a Magick which the Lover tyes;
But charms ſtill end when the Magician dyes.
Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead; [*To his Guards.*
And, to convince my Eyes, bring back his Head.

Alma. Go on; I wiſh no other way to prove
That I am worthy of *Almanzor*'s Love.
We will in death, at leaſt, united be;
I'le ſhew you I can dye as well as he.

Boab. What ſhould I do! when equally I dread
Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead!—
Yet, by your promiſe you are mine alone.

Alma. How dare you claim my faith, and break your own?

Aben. This for your vertue is a weak defence:
No ſecond vows can with your firſt diſpence.
Yet, ſince the King did to *Almanzor* ſwear,
And in his death ingrateful may appear,
He ought, in juſtice, firſt to ſpare his Life,
And then to claim your promiſe, as his Wife.

Alma. What e're my ſecret Inclinations be,
To this, ſince Honour tyes me, I agree.
Yet I declare, and to the world will own,
That, far from ſeeking, I would ſhun the Throne,
And, with *Almanzor*, lead an humble life;
There is a private Greatneſs in his Wife.

Boab. That little Love I have, I hardly buy;
You give my Rival all, while you deny.
Yet, *Almahide*, to let you ſee your pow'r,
Your lov'd *Almanzor* ſhall be free this hour.
You are obey'd, but 'tis ſo great a grace,
That I could almoſt wiſh my Rivals place.

Exeunt King *and* Abenamar.

Alma. How bleſt was I before this fatal day!
When all I knew of Love, was to Obey!
'Twas Life becalm'd, without a gentle breath;
Though not ſo cold, yet motionleſs as death.
A heavy quiet State, but Love all Strife,
All Rapid, is the Hurricane of Life.
Had love not ſhown me, I had never ſeen
An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin*:
I had not, aiming higher, loſt my reſt;
But with a vulgar good been dully bleſt.
But, in *Almanzor*, having ſeen what's rare,
Now I have learnt too ſharply to compare;
And, like a Favourite quickly in diſgrace,
Juſt know the value e're I loſe the place.

[*To her* Almanzor, *bound and guarded.*

Alman.

Alman. I see the end for which I'm hither sent;
To double, by your sight, my punishment. *Looking down.*
There is a shame in Bonds, I cannot bear;
Far more than death, to meet your Eyes I fear.
Almahide *unbinding him.*
That shame of long continuance shall not be:
The King at my intreaty sets you free.
Alman. The King! my wonder's greater than before:
How did he dare my freedom to restore?
He like some Captive Lion uses me;
He runs away before he sets me free:
And takes a Sanctuary in his Court:
I'le rather lose my Life than thank him for't.
Alma. If any Subject for your thanks there be,
The King expects 'em not; you owe 'em me.
Our freedoms through each others hands have past;
You give me my revenge in winning last.
Alman. Then Fate commodiously for me has done;
To lose mine there where I would wish it won.
Alma. *Almanzor*, you too soon will understand,
That what I win is on anothers hand.
The King (who doom'd you to a cruel Fate)
Gave to my pray'rs both his Revenge and Hate:
But at no other price would rate your Life,
Than my consent, and oath to be his Wife.
Alman. Would you to save my life, my love betray?
Here, take me; bind me; carry me away;
Kill me: I'le kill you if you disobey. *To the Guards.*
Alma. That absolute Command your Love does give,
I take; and charge you by that pow'r to live.
Alman. When Death, the last of comforts, you refuse,
Your Pow'r, like Heav'n, upon the damn'd you use:
You force me in my being to remain,
To make me last, and keep me fresh for pain.
What cause can I for living longer, give,
But a dull lazy habitude to live?
Alma. Rash Men, like you, and impotent of Will,
Give Chance no time to turn; but urge her still.
She wou'd repent; you push the quarrel on,
And once, because she went, she must be gone.

Alman. She ſhall not turn: what is it ſhe can do,
To recompence me for the loſs of you!

Alma. Heav'n will reward your worth ſome better way;
At leaſt for me you have but loſt one day.
Nor is't a real loſs which you deplore;
You ſought a Heart that was ingag'd before.
'Twas a ſwift Love which took you in his way;
Flew only through your Heart, but made no ſtay.
'Twas but a dream, where truth had not a place:
A Scene of Fancy, mov'd ſo ſwift a pace,
And ſhifted, that you can but think it was:
Let, then, the ſhort vexatious Viſion paſs.

Alman. My joys indeed are dreams, but not my pain;
'Twas a ſwift ruine; but the marks remain.
When ſome fierce fire lays goodly Buildings waſte,
Would you conclude
There had been none, becauſe the burning's paſt?

Alma. Your Heart's, at worſt, but ſo conſum'd by fire
As Cities are, that by their falls riſe high'r.
Build Love a Nobler Temple in my place;
You'l find the fire has but inlarg'd your ſpace.

Alman. Love has undone me; I am grown ſo poor
I ſadly view the ground I had before:
But want a ſtock; and ne'r can build it more.

Alma. Then ſay what Charity I can allow;
I would contribute; if I knew but how.
Take friendſhip; or if that too ſmall appear,
Take Love which Siſters may to Brothers bear.

Alman. A Siſters Love, that is ſo pall'd a thing!
What pleaſure can it to a Lover bring?
'Tis like thin food to Men in Feavors ſpent;
Juſt keeps alive; but gives no nouriſhment.
What hopes, what fears, what raptures can it move?
'Tis but the Ghoſt of a departed Love.

Alma. You like ſome greedy Cormorant devour
All my whole life can give you, in an hour.
What more I can do for you, is to dy,
And that muſt follow, if you this deny.
Since I gave up my Love, that you might live,
You, in refuſing life, my ſentence give.

Alman. Far from my breſt be ſuch an impious thought:
Your death would loſe the quiet mine had ſought.

I'le live for you, in ſpight of miſery:
But you ſhall grant that I had rather dye.
I'le be ſo wretched, fill'd with ſuch deſpair,
That you ſhall ſee, to Live was more to dare.
Alma. Adieu, then, O my Souls far better part;
Your Image ſticks ſo cloſe,
That the blood follows from my rending heart.
A laſt farewel!
For ſince a laſt muſt come, the reſt are vain!
Like gaſps in death, which but prolong our pain.
But, ſince the King is now a part of me:
Ceaſe from henceforth to be his Enemy.
Go now, for pity go; for if you ſtay,
I fear I ſhall have ſomething ſtill to ſay.
Thus—I for ever ſhut you from my ſight. [*vails.*
Alman. Like one thruſt out in a cold winters night,
Yet ſhivering, underneath your Gate I ſtay;
One look—I cannot go before 'tis day—
[*She beckens him to be gone.*
Not one—Farewel: what e're my ſufferings be
Within; I'le ſpeak Farewel, as loud as ſhe:
I will not be out-done in conſtancy.——
[*She turns her back.*
Then like a dying Conqueror I go;
At leaſt I have lookt laſt upon my Foe.
I go——but if too heavily I move,
I walk encumbred with a weight of Love.
Fain I would leave the thought of You behind;
But ſtill, the more I caſt you from my mind,
You daſh, like water, back, when thrown againſt the wind.

Exit.

As he goes off, the King meets him, with Abenamar, *they ſtare at each other without ſaluting.*

Boab. With him go all my fears: a Guard there wait;
And ſee him ſafe without the City Gate.

To them Abdelmelech.

Now, *Abdelmelech*, is my Brother dead?
Abdel. Th' Uſurper to the Chriſtian Camp is fled;
Whom as *Granada*'s lawful King they own,
And vow, by force, to ſeat him in the Throne.
Mean time the Rebels in th' *Albayzin* reſt;
Which is, in *Lyndaraxa*'s name, poſſeſt.

Boab.

Boab. Haſte; and reduce it inſtantly by force.

Abdel. Firſt give me leave to prove a milder courſe,
She will, perhaps, on Summons yield the place.

Boab. We cannot, to your ſute, refuſe her grace.

One enters haſtily, and whiſpers Abenamar.

Aben. How Fortune perſecutes this hoary Head!
My *Ozmyn* is with *Selin*'s Daughter fled.
But he's no more my Son———
My hate ſhall like a *Zegry* him purſue;
Till I take back what Blood from me he drew.

Boab. Let War and Vengeance be to morrow's care:
But let us to the Temple now repair.
A thouſand Torches make the Moſque more bright:
This muſt be mine, and *Almahida*'s night.
Hence ye importunate affairs of State;
You ſhould not tyrannize on Love, but wait.
Had Life no Love, none would for buſineſs live;
Yet ſtill from Love, the largeſt part we give:
And muſt be forc'd in Empires weary toil,
To live long wretched to be pleas'd awhile.

Exeunt.

EPI-

Epilogue.

Success, which can no more than Beauty last,
Makes our sad Poet mourn your Favour's past?
For, since without Desert he got a Name,
He fears to lose it now with greater shame.
Fame, like a little Mistress of the Town,
Is gain'd with ease; but then she's lost as soon.
For, as those taudry Misses, soon or late
Jilt such as keep 'em at the highest rate:
(And oft the Lacquey, or the brawny Clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose-body'd Gown;)
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long;
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first:
But elder Wits are, like old Lovers, curst;
Who, when the vigor of their Youth is spent,
Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.
This, some years hence, our Poets case may prove;
But, yet he hopes, he's young enough to Love.
When Forty comes, if e're he live to see
That wretched, fumbling age of Poetry;
'Twill be high time to bid his Muse adieu:
Well, he may please himself, but never you.
Till then he'l do as well as he began;
And hopes you will not find him less a Man.
Think him not duller for this years delay;
He was prepar'd, the Women were away;
And Men without their Parts can hardly Play.

If

If they, through ſickneſs, ſeldom did appear,
Pity the Virgins of each Theatre!
For, at both Houſes, 'twas a ſickly year!
And pity us your ſervants, to whoſe coſt,
In one ſuch ſickneſs Nine whole Months are loſt.
Their ſtay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ:
Long waiting both diſables Love and Wit.
They thought they gave him leiſure to do well,
But when they forc'd him to attend, he fell.
Yet though he much has fail'd, he begs to day
You will excuſe his unperforming Play:
Weakneſs ſometimes great paſſion does expreſs;
He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you leſs.

Almanzor and *Almahide:*

OR, THE

CONQUEST

OF

Granada.

The Second PART.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL.

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN* Servant to His MAJESTY.

——Stimulos dedit æmula virtus.

Lucan.

Printed by *H. Hills*, for *Henry Herringman*; And are to be sold at the *Anchor* in the lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1678.

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PROLOGUE

To the Second Part

OF THE

CONQUEST

OF

Granada.

THey who write Ill, and they who ne'r durſt write,
Turn Critiques, out of meer Revenge and Spight:
A Play-houſe *gives 'em Fame; and up there ſtarts,*
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts.
(So Common Faces on the Stage appear;
We take 'em in; and they turn Beauties here.)
Our Authour fears thoſe Critiques as his Fate:
And thoſe he Fears, by conſequence, muſt Hate.
For they the Traffique of all Wit invade;
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.
Howe're, the Poet's ſafe enough to day:
They cannot cenſure an unfiniſh'd Play.
But, as when Vizard Maſque appears in Pit,
Straight, every man who thinks himſelf a Wit,
Perks up; and, managing his Comb with grace,
With his White Wigg ſets off his Nut-brown Face:
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views each Limb,
To know her by her Rigging and her Trimm:
Then, the whole noiſe of Fopps to wagers go,

Pox

Pox on her, 't must be she; and Damm'ye no.
Just so I Prophecy, these Wits to day
Will blindly guess at our imperfect Play:
With what new Plots our Second Part is fill'd;
Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as those Vizard-Masques maintain that Fashion,
To sooth and tickle sweet Imagination:
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with Masquing;
To make you think there's something worth your asking:
But when 'tis shown, that which does now delight you,
Will prove a Dowdy with a Face to fright you.

Almanzor

Almanzor and *Almahide.*

OR, THE

CONQUEST

OF

Granada

By the *SPANIARDS.*

The Second Part.

ACT I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

King Ferdinand; *Queen* Iſabel; Alonzo d'Aguilar, *Attendants: Men and Women.*

K. Ferd. AT length the time is come, when *Spain* ſhall be
From the long Yoke of *Muriſh* Tyrants free.
All Cauſes ſeem to ſecond our deſign;
And Heav'n and Earth in their deſtruction joyn.
When Empire in its Childhood firſt appears,
A watchful Fate o'reſees its tender years;

Till grown more ſtrong, it thruſts, and ſtretches out,
And Elbows all the Kingdoms round about:
The place thus made for its firſt breathing free,
It moves again for Eaſe and Luxury:
Till, ſwelling by degrees, it has poſſeſt
The greater ſpace; and now crowds up the reſt.
When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty State;
And puſhes on its now unwieldy Fate:
Then, down the precipice of time it goes,
And ſinks in Minutes, which in Ages roſe.

Qu. *Iſabel.* Should bold *Columbus* in his ſearch ſucceed,
And find thoſe Beds in which bright Metals breed;
Tracing the Sun, who ſeems to ſteal away,
That, Miſer-like, he might alone ſurvey
The Wealth which he in weſtern Mines did lay;
Not all that ſhining Oar could give my heart
The joy, this conquer'd Kingdom will impart:
Which, reſcu'd from theſe mis-believers hands,
Shall now at once ſhake off its double bands:
At once to freedom and true faith reſtor'd:
Its old Religion, and its ancient Lord.

K. *Ferd.* By that aſſault which laſt we made, I find,
Their Courage is with their Succeſs declin'd:
Almanzor's abſence now they dearly buy,
Whoſe Conduct crown'd their Arms with Victory.

Alonzo. Their King himſelf did their laſt Sally guide;
I ſaw him gliſt'ring in bright Armor, ride
To break a Lance in honour of his Bride.
But other thoughts now fill his anxious Breſt;
Care of his Crown his Love has diſpoſſeſt.

[*To them* Abdalla.

Qu. *Iſabel.* But ſee the Brother of the *Mooriſh* King;
He ſeems ſome news of great import to bring.

Ferd. He brings a ſpecious Title to our ſide;
Thoſe who would conquer, muſt their Foes divide.

Abdal. Since to my Exile you have pity ſhown;
And giv'n me Courage yet to hope a Throne;
While you without, our common Foes ſubdue,
I am not wanting to my ſelf, or you.
But have, within, a Faction full alive;
Strong to aſſiſt, and ſecret to contrive:

And

And watching each occaſion, to foment
The Peoples fears into a diſcontent:
Which, from *Almanzor*'s loſs, before were great,
And now are doubled by their late defeat.
Theſe Letters from their Chiefs, the news aſſures.

[*Gives Letters to the King.*

K. *Ferd.* Be mine the Honour; but the Profit yours.

To them the Duke of Arcos, *with* Ozmyn, *and* Benzayda, *Priſoners.*

K. *Ferd.* That *Tertia* of *Italians* did you guide
To take their Poſt upon the River ſide?

Arc. All are according to your Orders plac'd:
My chearful Soldiers their Intrenchments haſte;
The *Murcian* Foot have tane the Upper Ground;
And now the City is beleaguer'd round.

Ferd. Why is not then their Leader here again?

Arc. The Maſter of *Alcantara* is ſlain:
But he who ſlew him, here before you ſtands;
It is that *Moor* whom you behold in bands.

K. *Ferd.* A braver Man I had not in my Hoſt:
His Murd'rer ſhall not long his Conqueſt boaſt.
But, Duke of *Arcos*, ſay, how was he ſlain?

Arc. Our Soldiers march'd together on the Plain;
We two rode on, and left them far behind,
Till, coming where we found the Valley wind,
We ſaw theſe *Moors*, who ſwiftly as they cou'd,
Ran on, to gain the Covert of the Wood.
This we obſerv'd; and having croſs'd their way,
The Lady, out of breath, was forc'd to ſtay:
The Man then ſtood, and ſtraight his Fauchion drew,
Then told us, we in vain did thoſe purſue,
Whom their ill fortune to deſpair did drive;
And yet, whom we ſhou'd never take alive.
Neglecting this, the Maſter ſtraight ſpurr'd on;
But th' active *Moor* his Horſes ſhock did ſhun,
And e're his Rider from his reach could go,
Finiſh'd the Combat with one deadly blow.
I, to revenge my friend, prepar'd to fight,
But now our foremoſt Men were come in ſight,
Who ſoon would have diſpach'd him on the place,
Had I not ſav'd him from a death ſo baſe;

And brought him to attend your Royal doom.
K. *Ferd.* A Manly face; and in his ages bloom.
But to content the Soldiers, he muſt dye;
Go ſee him executed inſtantly.
Q. *Iſabel.* Stay; I would learn his name before he go;
You, Prince *Abdalla*, may the Priſ'ner know.
Abdalla. *Ozmyn*'s his name; and he deſerves his fate;
His Father heads that faction which I hate:
But much I wonder, that I with him ſee
The Daughter of his Mortal Enemy.
Benz. 'Tis true; by *Ozmyns* Sword my Brother fell;
But 'twas a death he merited too well.
I know a Siſter ſhould excuſe his fault;
But you know too, that *Ozmyn*'s death he ſought.
Abdal. Our Prophet has declar'd, by the Event,
That *Ozmyn* is reſerv'd for puniſhment.
For, when he thought his guilt from danger clear;
He, by new crimes, is brought to ſuffer here.
Benz. In Love, or Pity, if a crime you find;
We two have Sin'd above all humane kind.
Ozm. Heav'n in my puniſhment has done a grace;
I could not ſuffer in a better place:
That I ſhould dye by Chriſtians, it thought good;
To ſave your Fathers guilt who ſought my blood. [*To her.*
Benz. Fate aims ſo many blows to make us fall,
That 'tis in vain to think to ward 'em all:
And where misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a burden; and not worth our care.
Ozm. I caſt it from me, like a Garment torn,
Ragged, and too undecent to be worn.
Beſides, there is Contagion in my Fate; [*To* Benz.
It makes your Life too much unfortunate.
But, ſince her faults are not ally'd to mine,
In her protection let your favour ſhine:
To you, Great Queen, I make this laſt requeſt;
(Since Pity dwels in every Royal Breſt)
Safe, in your care, her Life and Honour be:
It is a dying Lovers Legacy.
Benz. Ceaſe, *Ozmyn*, ceaſe ſo vain a ſute to move;
I did not give you on thoſe terms my Love.
Leave me to my own care; for, when you go,
My Love will ſoon inſtruct me what to do.

Qu. *Iſa.* Permit me, Sir, theſe Lovers doom to give:
My Sentence is, They ſhall together live.
The Courts of Kings,
To all diſtreſs'd ſhou'd Sanctuaries be:
But moſt to Lovers in Adverſity.
Caſtile and *Arragon*
(Which long againſt each other War did move,)
My plighted Lord and I have joyn'd by Love:
And, if to add this Conqueſt Heav'n thinks good,
I would not have it ſtain'd with Lovers blood.

Ferd. Whatever *Iſabella* ſhall Command,
Shall always be a Law to *Ferdinand.*

Benz. The frowns of Fate we will no longer fear:
Ill Fate, Great Queen, can never find us here.

Qu. *Iſa.* Your thanks ſome other time I will receive:
Henceforward, ſafe in my Protection live.
Granada is for Noble Loves renown'd;
Her beſt defence is in her Lovers found.
Love's an Heroique Paſſion, which can find
No room in any baſe degenerate mind:
It kindles all the Soul with Honours Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his deſire.
Againſt ſuch Heroes I ſucceſs ſhould fear,
Had we not too an Hoſt of Lovers here.
An Army of bright Beauties come with me;
Each Lady ſhall her Servants actions ſee:
The Fair and Brave on each ſide ſhall conteſt;
And they ſhall overcome who love the beſt.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

The Alhambra.

Zulema *ſolus.*

True; they have pardon'd me; but do they know
What folly 'tis to truſt a pardon'd Foe!
A Bluſh remains in a forgiven Face,
It wears the ſilent Tokens of Diſgrace:
Forgiveneſs to the injur'd does belong;
But they ne'r pardon who have done the wrong.

My

My hopeful Fortune's loſt! and what's above
All I can name or think, my ruin'd Love!
Feign'd Honeſty ſhall work me into Truſt;
And ſeeming Penitence conceal my Luſt.
Let Heav'ns great Eye of Providence now take
One day of reſt, and ever after wake.

Enter King Boabdelin, Abenamar, *and Guards.*

Boab. Loſſes on Loſſes! as if Heav'n decreed
Almanzor's valour ſhould alone ſucceed.
Aben. Each Sally we have made ſince he is gone,
Serves but to pull our ſpeedy ruine on.
Boab. Of all Mankind, the heavieſt Fate he bears,
Who the laſt Crown of ſinking Empire wears.
No kindly Planet of his Birth took care:
Heav'ns Out-caſt; and the Droſs of every Star!

[*A tumultuous noiſe within.*

Enter Abdelmelech.

What new misfortune do theſe Cryes preſage?
Abdel. They are th' effects of the mad Peoples Rage.
All in deſpair tumultuouſly they ſwarm;
The fartheſt Streets already take th' Allarm;
The needy creep from Cellars under-ground;
To them new Cryes from tops of Garrets ſound.
The aged from the Chimneys ſeek the cold;
And Wives from Windows helpleſs Infants hold.
Boab. See what the many-headed Beaſt demands.

[*Exit* Abdelmelech.

Curſt is that King whoſe Honour's in their hands.
In Senates, either they too ſlowly grant,
Or ſaucily refuſe to aid my want:
And when their thrift has ruin'd me in War,
They call their inſolence my want of Care.
Aben. Curſt be their Leaders who that Rage foment;
And vail with publick good their diſcontent:
They keep the Peoples Purſes in their hands,
And Hector Kings to grant their wild demands.
But to each Lure a Court throws out, deſcend;
And prey on thoſe they promis'd to defend.

Zul.

Zul. Thoſe Kings who to their wild demands conſent,
Teach others the ſame way to diſcontent.
Freedom in Subjects is not, nor can be;
But ſtill to pleaſe 'em we muſt call 'em free.
Propriety which they their Idol make,
Or Law, or Law's Interpreters can ſhake.

Aben. The name of Common-wealth is popular;
But there the People their own Tyrants are.

Boab. But Kings who rule with limited Command,
Have Players Scepters put into their hand.
Pow'r has no balance, one ſide ſtill weighs down;
And either hoyſts the Common-wealth, or Crown.
And thoſe who think to ſet the Scale more right,
By various turnings but diſturb the weight.

Aben. While People tug for Freedom, Kings for Pow'r,
Both ſink beneath ſome foreign Conquerour.
Then Subjects find too late they were unjuſt,
And want that pow'r of Kings they durſt not truſt.

[*To them* Abdelmelech.

Abdel. The tumult now is high and dangerous grown:
The People talk of rendring up the Town;
And ſwear that they will force the Kings conſent.

K. *Boab.* What Counſel can this riſing ſtorm prevent?

Abdel. Their fright to no perſwaſions will give ear:
There's a deaf madneſs in a Peoples fear.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Their fury now a middle courſe does take:
To yield the Town, or call *Almanzor* back.

Boab. I'le rather call my death ——
Go, and bring up my Guards to my defence:
I'le puniſh this outragious Inſolence.

Aben. Since blind opinion does their reaſon ſway,
You muſt ſubmit to cure 'em their own way.
You to their Fancies Phyſick muſt apply:
Give them that Chief on whom they moſt relye;
Under *Almanzor* proſperouſly they fought:
Almanzor therefore muſt with Pray'rs be brought.

Enter

Enter a Second Meſſenger.

Se. Meſ. Haſte all you can their fury to aſſwage:
You are not ſafe from their rebellious rage.

Enter a Third Meſſenger.

Third Meſ. This Minute if you grant not their deſire,
They'l ſeize your Perſon, and your Palace Fire.
Abdel. Your danger, Sir, admits of no delay.
Boab. In tumults, People Reign, and Kings obey.
Go, and appeaſe 'em with the vow I make,
That they ſhall have their lov'd *Almanzor* back.

Exit Abdelmelech.

Almanzor has th' Aſcendant o're my Fate:
I'm forc'd to ſtoop to one I fear and hate.
Diſgrac'd, diſtreſt, in exile, and alone,
He's greater than a Monarch on his Throne.
Without a Realm a Royalty he gains;
Kings are the Subjects over whom he Raigns.

[*A ſhout of Acclamation within.*

Aben. Theſe ſhouts proclaim the people ſatisfy'd.
Boab. We for another Tempeſt muſt provide.
To promiſe his return as I was loath,
So I want pow'r now to perform my oath.
E're this, for *Affrique* he is ſail'd from *Spain*.
Aben. The adverſe Winds his paſſage yet detain;
I heard laſt night, his equipage did ſtay
At a ſmall Village ſhort of *Malaga*.
K. *Boab*. *Abenamar*, this ev'ning thither haſte;
Deſire him to forget his uſage paſt:
Uſe all your Rhet'rique; Promiſe; Flatter; Pray.

To them Queen Almahide *attended.*

Aben. Good Fortune ſhows you yet a ſurer way:
Nor Pray'rs nor Promiſes his mind will move;
'Tis inacceſſible to all but Love.
K. *Boab.* Oh, thou haſt rows'd a thought within my breſt,
That will for ever rob me of my reſt.
Ah, Jealouſie, how cruel is thy ſting!
I, in *Almanzor*, a lov'd Rival bring!

And

And now, I think, it is an equal ſtrife,
If I my Crown ſhould hazard, or my Wife.
Where Marriage is thy cure, which Husbands boaſt,
That in poſſeſſion, their deſire is loſt!
Or why have I alone that wretched taſte,
Which gorg'd and glutted, does with hunger laſt!
Cuſtom and Duty cannot ſet me free;
Ev'n Sin it ſelf has not a Charm for me.
Of marry'd Lovers I am ſure the firſt;
And nothing but a King could ſo be curſt.

Alma. What ſadneſs ſits upon your Royal Heart?
Have you a Grief, and muſt not I have part?
All Creatures elſe a time of Love poſſeſs:
Man onely clogs with cares his happineſs:
And, while he ſhou'd enjoy his part of bliſs,
With thoughts of what may be, deſtroys what is.

Boab. You gueſs'd aright; I am oppreſs'd with grief:
And 'tis from you that I muſt ſeek relief.

[*To the Company.*

Leave us, to ſorrow there's a rev'rence due:
Sad Kings, like Suns Ecclips'd, withdraw from view.

{ *The Attendants go off: and Chairs are ſet for the King and Queen.*

Alma. So two kind Turtles, when a ſtorm is nigh,
Look up; and ſee it gath'ring in the Sky:
Each calls his Mate to ſhelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in murmures, their unfiniſh'd Loves.
Perch'd on ſome dropping Branch they ſit alone,
And Cooe, and hearken to each others moan.

Soliq; ſedent in margine ripæ.
Soli cantare periti, Arcades.
Virg.

[Boab. *taking her by the hand.*

Since, *Almahide*, you ſeem ſo kind a Wife,
What would you do to ſave a Husband's life?

Alma. When Fate calls on that hard Neceſſity,
I'le ſuffer death rather than you ſhall dye.

Boab. Suppoſe your Countrey ſhould in danger be;
What would you undertake to ſet it free?

Alma. It were too little to reſign my Breath:
My own free hand ſhould give me nobler Death.

Boab. That Hand which would ſo much for Glory do,
Muſt yet do more; for it muſt kill me too.
You muſt kill me, for that dear Countreys ſake;
Or, what's all one, muſt call *Almanzor* back.

Alma. I ſee to what your Speech you now direct;
Either my Love or Vertue you ſuſpect.
But know, that when my Perſon I reſign'd,
I was too Noble not to give my mind:
No more the ſhadow of *Almanzor* fear;
I have no room but for your Image, here.

Boab. This, *Almahide*, would make me ceaſe to mourn,
Were that *Almanzor* never to return:
But now my fearful People mutiny;
Their clamours call *Almanzor* back, not I.
Their ſafety through my ruine I purſue;
He muſt return; and muſt be brought by you.

Alma. That hour when I my faith to you did plight,
I baniſh'd him for ever from my ſight.
His baniſhment was to my Vertue due;
Not that I fear'd him for my ſelf, but you.
My Honour had preſerv'd me innocent:
But I would your ſuſpicion too prevent.
Which, ſince I ſee augmented in your mind,
I yet more reaſon for his Exile find.

Boab. To your intreaties he will yield alone:
And on your doom depend my Life and Throne.
No longer therefore my deſires withſtand;
Or, if deſires prevail not, my Command.

Alma. In his return too ſadly I foreſee
Th' effects of your returning jealouſie;
But, your Command I prize above my Life:
'Tis ſacred to a Subject and a Wife:
If I have pow'r, *Almanzor* ſhall return.

[Boab. *letting go her hand, and ſtarting up.*

Curſt be that fatal hour when I was born!
You love; you love him; and that love reveal
By your too quick conſent to his repeal.
My jealouſie had but too juſt a ground;
And now you ſtab into my former wound.

Alma. This ſuddain change I do not underſtand;
Have you ſo ſoon forgot your own Command?

Boab. Grant that I did th' unjuſt injunction lay,
You ſhould have lov'd me more than to obey.
I know you did this mutiny deſign;
But your Love-plot I'le quickly countermine.

Let

Let my Crown go; he never ſhall return;
I, like a Phœnix, in my Neſt will burn.
Alma. You pleaſe me well, that in one common Fate
You wrap your ſelf and Me, and all your State:
Let us no more of proud *Almanzor* hear:
'Tis better once to dye, than ſtill to fear.
And better many times to dye, than be
Oblig'd paſt payment to an Enemy.
Boab. 'Tis better; but you Wives ſtill have one way;
When e're your Husbands are oblig'd, you pay.
Alma. Thou, Heav'n, who know'ſt it, judge my Innocence;
You, Sir, deſerve not I ſhould make defence.
Yet, judge my Vertue by that proof I gave,
When I ſubmitted to be made your Slave.
Boab. If I have been ſuſpicious, or unkind,
Forgive me; many cares diſtract my mind.
Love, and a Crown!
Two ſuch excuſes no one Man e're had;
And each of e'm enough to make me mad:
But now, my Reaſon re-aſſumeits Throne;
And finds no ſafety when *Almanzor*'s gone.
Send for him, then; I'le be oblig'd, and ſue;
'Tis a leſs evil than to part with you.
I leave you to your thoughts; but love me ſtill!
Forgive my Paſſion, and obey my Will.

Exit Boabdelin.

Almahide *Sola.*
My jealous Lord will ſoon to Rage return;
That Fire his Fear rakes up, does inward burn.
But Heav'n which made me great, has choſe for me:
I muſt th' oblation for my People be.
I'le cheriſh Honour then, and Life deſpiſe;
What is not Pure, is not for Sacrifice.
Yet, for *Almanzor* I in ſecret mourn!
Can Vertue then admit of his return?
Yes; for my Love I will by Vertue ſquare;
My Heart's not mine; but all my Actions are.
I'le imitate *Almanzor*, and will be
As haughty, and as wretched too as he.
What will he think is in my Meſſage meant!
I ſcarcely underſtand my own intent:

But, Silk-worm like, ſo long within have wrought,
That I am loſt in my own Web of thought.

Exit Almahide.

ACT II.

SCENE *A Wood.*

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda

Ozm. 'Tis true that our protection here has been
Th' effect of Honour in a Spaniſh Queen.
But while I as a friend continue here,
I to my Countrey muſt a Foe appear.

Benz. Think not, my *Ozmyn*, that we here remain
As Friends, but Priſ'ners to the pow'r of *Spain*.
Fortune diſpences with your Countreys right;
But you deſert your Honour in your flight.

Ozm. I cannot leave you here, and go away;
My Honour's glad of a pretence to ſtay.

A noiſe within, Follow, follow———

Enter Selin; *his Sword drawn, as purſued.*

Selin. I am purſu'd, and now am ſpent and done;
My Limbs ſuffice me not with ſtrength to run.
And, if I could, alas, what can I ſave?
A year, the dregs of Life too, from the grave.

[*Sits down on the ground.*

Here will I ſit, and here attend my Fate;
With the ſame hoary Majeſty and State
As *Rome*'s old Senate for the *Galls* did wait.

Benz. It is my Father; and he ſeems diſtreſt.

Ozm. My Honour bids me ſuccour the oppreſt:
That life he ſought, for his I'le freely give;
We'le dye together; or together live.

Benz. I'le call more ſuccor, ſince the Camp is near;
And fly on all the wings of Love and Fear.

Exit Benz.

Enter

Enter Abenamar, *and four or five* Moors.

He looks and finds Selin.

Aben. Ye've liv'd, and now behold your lateſt hour.
Selin. I ſcorn your malice, and defy your pow'r.
A ſpeedy death is all I ask you now;
And that's a favour you may well allow.
Ozmyn, *ſhewing himſelf.*
Who gives you death ſhall give it firſt to me;
Fate cannot ſeparate our deſtiny.

[*Knows his Father.*

My Father here! then Heav'n it ſelf has laid
The ſnare in which my Vertue is betray'd.
Aben. Fortune, I thank thee, thou haſt kindly done,
To bring me back that Fugitive my Son.
In Arms too; fighting for my Enemy!
I'le do a *Roman* Juſtice, thou ſhalt dye.
Ozm. I beg not you my forfeit Life would ſave:
Yet add one Minute to that breath you gave.
I diſobey'd you; and deſerve my Fate;
But bury in my Grave two Houſes Hate.
Let *Selin* live; and ſee your Juſtice done
On me, while you revenge him for his Son.
Your mutual malice in my death may ceaſe;
And equal loſs perſwade you both to peace.
Aben. *to a* Soldier.
Yes; juſtice ſhall be done on him, and thee:
Haſte; and diſpatch 'em both immediately.
Ozm. If you have Honour, (ſince you Nature want)
For your own ſake my laſt Petition grant:
And kill not a diſarm'd, defenceleſs Foe:
Whoſe death your cruelty or fear will ſhow.
My Father cannot do an act ſo baſe:
My Father! I miſtake: I meant, who was!
Aben. Go, then, diſpatch him firſt who was my Son.
Ozm. Swear but to ſave his Life, I'le yield my own.
Aben. Nor Tears, nor Pray'rs, thy life or his ſhall buy.
Ozmyn *putting himſelf before* Selin.
Then, Sir, *Benzaida*'s Father ſhall not dye.
And, ſince he'l want defence when I am gone,
I will, to ſave his life, defend my own.

Aben.

Aben. This juſtice Paricides like thee ſhould have.

Aben. *and his party attack them both.*

Ozmyn *parryes his Fathers thruſts, and thruſts at the others.*

Enter Benzayda, *with* Abdalla, *the Duke of* Arcos, *and* Spaniards.

Benz. O help my Father, and my *Ozmyn* ſave.

Abdal. Villains, that death you have deſerv'd, is near.

Ozmyn *ſtops his hand.*

Stay, Prince; and know I have a Father here.
I were that Paricide of whom he ſpoke,
Did not my Piety prevent your ſtroke.

Arcos *to* Aben.

Depart then, and thank Heav'n you had a Son.

Aben. I am not with theſe ſhows of Duty won.

Ozmyn *to his Father.*

Heav'n knows I would that life you ſeek, reſign;
But, while *Benzayda* lives, it is not mine.
Will you yet pardon my unwilling crime!

Aben. By no intreaties; by no length of time
Will I be won: but, with my lateſt breath,
I'le curſe thee here: and haunt thee after death.

Exit Abenamar *with his party.*

Ozmyn *kneeling to* Selin.

Can you be merciful to that degree,
As to forgive my Fathers faults in me?
Can you forgive
The death of him I ſlew in my defence;
And, from the malice, ſeparate th' offence!
I can no longer be your Enemy:
In ſhort, now kill me, Sir, or pardon me.

[*Offers him his Sword.*

In this your Silence my hard Fate appears!

Selin. I'le anſwer you, when I can ſpeak for tears.
But, till I can———
Imagine what muſt needs be brought to paſs:
My heart's not made of Marble, nor of Braſs.
Did I for you a cruel death prepare,
And have you———have you, made my life your care!

{ *Embraces him.*

There

There is a ſhame contracted by my faults,
Which hinders me to ſpeak my ſecret thoughts.
And I will tell you (when that ſhame's remov'd)
You are not better by my Daughter lov'd.
Benzayda be yours—I can no more.

[Ozmyn *embracing his knees.*

Bleſt be that breath which does my Life reſtore.

Benz. I hear my Father now; theſe words confeſs
That name; and that indulgent tenderneſs.

Selin. *Benzayda*, I have been too much to blame;
But, let your goodneſs expiate for my ſhame;
You *Ozmyn*'s Vertue did in chains adore;
And part of me was juſt to him before.
My Son! [*To him.*

Ozm. My Father!

Selin.——————Since by you I live,
I, for your ſake, your Family forgive.
Let your hard Father ſtill my life purſue;
I hate not him, but for his hate to you.
Ev'n that hard Father yet may one day be
By kindneſs vanquiſh'd, as you vanquiſh'd me.
Or, if my death can quench to you his Rage,
Heav'n makes good uſe of my remaining Age.

Abdal. I grieve your joys are mingled with my cares.
But all take intereſt in their own affairs:
And therefore I muſt ask how mine proceed.

Selin. They now are ripe, and but your preſence need.
For, *Lyndaraxa*, faithleſs as the wind,
Yet to your better Fortunes will be kind:
For, hearing that the Chriſtians own your cauſe,
From thence th' aſſurance of a Throne ſhe draws:
And ſince *Almanzor*, whom ſhe moſt did fear,
Is gone; ſhe to no Treaty will give ear;
But ſent me her unkindneſs to excuſe.

Abdal. You much ſurprize me with your pleaſing news.

Selin. But, Sir, ſhe hourly does th' Aſſault expect:
And muſt be loſt, if you her aid neglect.
For, *Abdelmelech* loudly does declare,
He'l uſe the laſt extremities of War;
Since ſhe refus'd the Fortreſs to reſign.

Abdal. The charge of haſt'ning this Relief be mine.

Selin.

Selin. This, while I undertook, whether beſet,
Or elſe by chance, *Abenamar* I met;
Who ſeem'd in haſte returning to the Town.
Abdal. My Love muſt in my diligence be ſhown.
And as my pledge of Faith to *Spain*, this hour
I'le put the Fortreſs in your Maſters pow'r.

[*To* Arcos.

Selin. An open way from hence to it there lyes.
And we with eaſe may ſend in large ſupplyes,
Free from the Shot and Sallies of the Town.
Arcos. Permit me, Sir, to ſhare in your renown;
Firſt to my King I will impart the news;
And then draw out what ſuccors we ſhall uſe.

Exit Duke of Arcos.

Abdal. Grant that ſhe loves me not, at leaſt I ſee

[*aſide.*

She loves not others, if ſhe loves not me.
'Tis Pleaſure when we reap the fruit of Pain;
'Tis only Pride to be belov'd again.
How many are not lov'd, who think they are;
Yet all are willing to believe the Fair:
And, though 'tis Beauties known and obvious Cheat,
Yet Man's ſelf-love ſtill favours the deceit.

Exit Abdalla.

Selin. Farewel, my Children; equally ſo dear,
That I my ſelf am to my ſelf leſs near.
While I repeat the dangers of the War,
Your mutual ſafety be each others care.
Your Father, *Ozmyn*, till the War be done,
As much as Honour will permit, I'le ſhun.
If by his Sword I periſh, let him know
It was becauſe I would not be his Foe.
Ozm. Goodneſs and Vertue all our Actions guide;
You only err in chooſing of your ſide.
That party I with Honour cannot take;
But can much leſs the care of you forſake.
I muſt not draw my Sword againſt my Prince,
But yet may hold a Shield in your defence.
Benzayda free from danger here ſhall ſtay:
And for a Father, and a Lover pray.
Benz. No, no; I gave not on thoſe terms my Heart,
That from my *Ozmyn* I ſhould ever part.

That

That Love I vow'd when you did death attend;
'Tis juſt that nothing but my death ſhould end:
What Merchant is it who would ſtay behind,
His whole ſtock ventur'd to the Waves and Wind?
I'le pray for both; but both ſhall be in ſight;
And Heav'n ſhall hear me pray, and ſee you fight.

Selin. No longer, *Ozmyn*, combat a deſign,
Where ſo much Love and ſo much Vertue joyn.

Ozmyn *to her.*

Then Conquer, and your Conqueſt happy be
Both to your ſelf, your Father, and to me.
With bended knees our freedom we'l demand
Of *Iſabel* and mighty *Ferdinand.*
Then, while the paths of Honour we purſue,
We'l int'reſt Heav'n for us, in right of you.

Exeunt.

SCENE. *The Albayzin.*

An Allarm within; then Soldiers running over the Stage.

Enter Abdelmelech *victorious with Soldiers.*

Abdel. 'Tis won, 'tis won, and *Lyndaraxa* now,
Who ſcorn'd to Treat, ſhall to a Conqueſt bow.
To every Sword I free Commiſſion give;
Fall on, my Friends, and let no Rebel live.
Spare only *Lyndaraxa*; let her be
In Triumph led to grace my Victory.
Since by her falſhood ſhe betray'd my Love,
Great as that falſhood my Revenge ſhall prove.

Enter Lyndaraxa, *as affrighted; attended by Women.*

Go take th' Enchantreſs, bring her to me bound.

Lynd. Force needs not, where reſiſtance is not found.
I come, my ſelf, to offer you my hands;
And, of my own accord, invite your bands.
I wiſh'd to be my *Abdelmelech*'s Slave;
I did but wiſh, and eaſie Fortune gave.

Abdel. O, more than *Woman*, falſe! but 'tis in vain.
Can you e're hope to be believ'd again?

 I'le

I'le ſooner truſt th' *Hyæna* than your ſmile;
Or, than your Tears, the weeping Crocodile.
In War and Love none ſhould be twice deceiv'd;
The fault is mine if you are now believ'd.
Lynd. Be otherwiſe then, and too late repent;
Your crime will carry its own puniſhment.
I am well pleas'd not to be juſtify'd:
I owe no ſatisfaction to your pride.
It will be more advantage to my Fame,
To have it ſaid, I never own'd a Flame.
Abdel. 'Tis true; my pride has ſatisfy'd it ſelf:
I have at length eſcap'd the deadly ſhelf.
Th' excuſes you prepare will be in vain,
Till I am fool enough to love again.
Lynd. Am I not lov'd!
Abdel. ——————I muſt with ſhame avow,
I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.
Lynd. Have I for this betray'd *Abdalla*'s Truſt!
You are to me, as I to him, unjuſt. [*Angrily.*
Abdel. 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,
Who kept the Fortreſs for my Enemy.
Lynd. 'Tis true, I took the Fortreſs from his hand;
But, ſince, have kept it in my own Command.
Abdel. That act your foul Ingratitude did ſhow.
Lynd. You are th' ungrateful, ſince 'twas kept for you.
Abdel. 'Twas kept indeed, but not by your intent;
For all your kindneſs I may thank th' event.
Bluſh, *Lyndaraxa*, for ſo groſſe a cheat;
'Twas kept for me when you refus'd to Treat! [*Ironically.*

Lynd. Blind Man! I knew the weakneſs of the place:
It was my plot to do your Arms this Grace:
Had not my care of your renown been great,
I lov'd enough to offer you to Treat.
She who is lov'd muſt little Letts create:
But you bold Lovers are to force your Fate.
This force you us'd, my Maiden bluſh will ſave;
You ſeem'd to take what ſecretly I gave.
I knew you muſt be Conquer'd; but I knew
What Confidence I might repoſe in you.
I knew you were too grateful to expoſe
My Friends and Soldiers to be us'd like Foes.

Abdel.

Abdel. Well; though I love you not, their lives ſhall be
Spar'd out of Pity and Humanity.
Alferez. Go, and let the ſlaughter ceaſe. [*To a Soldier*
Lynd. Then muſt I to your Pity owe my peace?
Exit the Alferez.
Is that the tender'ſt term you can afford?
Time was, you wou'd have us'd another word.
Abdel. Then for your Beauty I your Soldiers ſpare;
For though I do not love you, you are fair.
Lynd. That little Beauty, why did Heav'n impart
To pleaſe your Eyes, but not to move your Heart!
I'le ſhrowd this *Gorgon* from all humane view;
And own no Beauty, ſince it charms not you.
Reverſe your Orders, and our Sentence give;
My Soldiers ſhall not from my Beauty live.
Abdel. Then, from our Friendſhip they their lives ſhall gain;
Though Love be dead, yet Friendſhip does remain.
Lynd. That Friendſhip which from wither'd Love does ſhoot,
Like the faint Herbage of a Rock, wants root.
Love is a tender Amity refin'd:
Grafted on Friendſhip it exalts the kind.
But when the Graff no longer does remain,
The dull Stock lives; but never bears again.
Abdel. Then, that my Friendſhip may not doubtful prove,
(Fool that I am to tell you ſo,) I love.
You would extort this knowledge from my Breſt;
And tortur'd me ſo long that I confeſt.
Now I expect to ſuffer for my Sin;
My Monarchy muſt end; and yours begin.
Lynd. Confeſs not Love, but ſpare your ſelf that ſhame:
And call your Paſſion by ſome other name.
Call this aſſault, your Malice, or your Hate;
Love owns no acts ſo diſproportionate.
Love never taught this inſolence you ſhow, [*Alferez.*
To Treat your Miſtreſs like a conquer'd Foe.
Is this th' obedience which my Heart ſhould move!
This uſage looks more like a Rape than Love.
Abdel. What proof of Duty would you I ſhould give?
Lynd. 'Tis Grace enough to let my Subjects live:
Let your rude Soldiers keep poſſeſſion ſtill;
Spoil, rifle, pillage, any thing but kill.

In ſhort, Sir, uſe your fortune as you pleaſe;
Secure my Caſtle, and my Perſon ſeize.
Let your True Men my Rebels hence remove;
I ſhall dream on; and think 'tis all your Love.
Abdel. You know too well my weakneſs and your pow'r.
Why did Heav'n make a fool a Conqu'ror!
She was my Slave; till ſhe by me was ſhown
How weak my force is, and how ſtrong her own.
Now ſhe has beat my pow'r from every part;
Made her way open to my naked Heart.
Go, ſtrictly charge my Soldiers to retreat: [*To a Sold.*
Thoſe countermand who are not enter'd yet.
On peril of your lives leave all things free.
Exit Soldier.

Now, Madam, love *Abdalla* more than me.
I only ask, in duty you would bring
The Keys of our *Albayzin* to the King:
I'le make your terms as gentle as you pleaſe.

Trumpets ſound a charge within, and Soldiers ſhout.

What ſhouts; and what new ſounds of War are theſe?
Lynd. Fortune, I hope, has favour'd my intent [*aſide.*
Of gaining time; and welcome ſuccors ſent.

Enter Alferez.

Alf. All's loſt; and you are fatally deceiv'd:
The Foe is enter'd: and the place reliev'd.
Scarce from the Walls had I drawn off my Men,
When, from their Camp, the Enemy ruſh'd in:
And Prince *Abdalla* enter'd firſt the Gate.
Abdel. I am betray'd; and find it now too late. [*To her.*
When your proud Soul to flatt'ries did deſcend,
I might have known it did ſome ill portend.
The wary Seaman ſtormy weather fears,
When Winds ſhift often, and no cauſe appears.
You, by my bounty live——
Your Brothers, too, were pardon'd for my ſake,
And this return your gratitude does make.——

Lynd.

Lynd. My Brothers beſt their own obligements know;
Without your charging me with what they owe.
But, ſince you think th' obligement is ſo great,
I'le bring a friend to ſatisfie my debt. [*looking behind.*
Abdel. Thou ſhalt not triumph in thy baſe deſign;
Though not thy Fort, thy Perſon ſhall be mine.

He goes to take her; ſhe runs, and crys help.

Enter Abdalla, Arcos, Spaniards. Abdelmelech *retreats fighting: and is purſued by the adverſe party off the Stage.*
[*An Allarm within.*

Enter again Abdalla, *and the Duke of* Arcos, *with* Lyndaraxa.

Arc. Bold *Abdelmelech* twice our *Spaniards* fac'd;
Though much out-numbred; and retreated laſt.
Abdalla *to* Lyndar.
Your Beauty, as it moves no common fire,
So it no common courage can inſpire.
As he fought well, ſo he had proſper'd too,
If, Madam, he like me, had fought for you.
Lynd. Fortune, at laſt has choſen with my Eyes;
And, where I would have giv'n it, plac'd the prize.
You ſee, Sir, with what danger I am juſt,
To keep this pledge committed to my Truſt:
But 'twas the love of you which made me fight,
And gave me courage to maintain your right.
Now, by experience you my faith may find;
And are to thank me that I ſeem'd unkind.
When your malicious fortune doom'd your fall,
My care reſtrain'd you, then, from looſing all;
Againſt your deſtiny I ſhut the Gate:
And gather'd up the Shipwracks of your Fate.
I, like a friend, did ev'n your ſelf withſtand,
From throwing all upon a looſing hand.
Abdel. My Love makes all your acts unqueſtion'd go:
And ſets a Soveraign ſtamp on all you do.
Your Love I will believe with hoodwink'd Eyes;
In faith, much merit in much blindneſs lyes:
But now, to make you great as you are fair,
The *Spaniards* an Imperial Crown prepare.

Lynd.

Lynd. That gift's more welcome which with you I share:
Let us no time in fruitleſs courtſhip loſe,
But ſally out upon our Frighted Foes.
No Ornaments of pow'r ſo pleaſe my Eyes,
As purple, which the blood of Princes dyes.

Exeunt. He leading her.

SCENE *The Alhambra.*

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Almahide; Guards, &c.
The Queen wearing a Scarf.

Aben. My little journey has ſucceſsful been;
The fierce *Almanzor* will obey the Queen.
I found him like *Achilles* on the ſhore,
Penſive, complaining much, but threatning more.
And, like that injur'd Greek, he heard our woes:
Which, while I told, a gloomy ſmile aroſe
From his bent brows; and ſtill, the more he heard,
A more ſevere and ſullen joy appear'd.
But, when he knew we to deſpair were driv'n,
Betwixt his Teeth he mutter'd thanks to Heav'n.

Boab. How I diſdain this aid; which I muſt take
Not for my own, but *Almahida's* ſake.

Aben. But, when he heard it was the Queen who ſent;
That her Command repeal'd his baniſhment;
He took the Summons with a greedy joy;
And ask'd me how ſhe would his Sword employ?
Then bid me ſay, Her humbleſt ſlave would come,
From her fair Mouth with joy to take his doom.

Boab. Oh that I ever ſent you! though it coſt
My Crown; though I, and it, and all were loſt!

Aben. While I, to bring this news, came on before,
I met with *Selin*———

Boab.———I can hear no more.

Enter Hamet.

Hamet. Almanzor is already at the Gate;
And throngs of People on his entrance wait.

Boab. Thy news does all my faculties ſurprize;
He bears two Baſilisks in thoſe fierce Eyes.

And

And that tame Demon which ſhould guard my Throne,
Shrinks at a Genius greater than his own.

Exit Boabdelin, *with* Abenamar *and Guards.*

Enter Almanzor; *ſeeing* Almahide *approach him, he ſpeaks.*

Almanz. So *Venus* moves, when to the Thunderer,
In Smiles and Tears ſhe would ſome ſute prefer.
When with her Ceſtos girt——
And drawn by Doves, ſhe cuts the yielding Skyes,
And kindles gentle fires where e're ſhe flyes.
To every Eye a Goddeſs is confeſt:
By all the Heav'nly Nation ſhe is bleſt,
And each with ſecret joy admits her to his breſt.

To her bowing.

Madam, your new Commands I come to know:
If yet you can have any where I go:
If to the Regions of the dead they be,
You take the ſpeedieſt courſe, to ſend by me.

Alma. Heav'n has not deſtin'd you ſo ſoon to reſt;
Heroes muſt live to ſuccor the diſtreſt.

Almanz. To ſerve ſuch Beauty all Mankind ſhould live:
And, in our ſervice, our reward you give:
But, ſtay me not in torture, to behold
And ne'r enjoy: as from anothers gold,
The Miſer haſtens in his own defence,
And ſhuns the ſight of tempting excellence;
So, having ſeen you once ſo killing fair,
A ſecond ſight were but to move deſpair.
I take my Eyes from what too much would pleaſe:
As Men in Feavors famiſh their Diſeaſe.

Alma. No; you may find your Cure an eaſier way,
If you are pleas'd to ſeek it; in your ſtay.
All objects loſe by too familiar view.
When that great charm is gone of being new,
By often ſeeing me, you ſoon will find
Defects ſo many in my Face and Mind,
That to be freed from Love you need not doubt;
And, as you look'd it in, you'l look it out.

Almanz. I, rather, like weak Armies ſhould retreat;
And ſo prevent my more entire defeat.

For

For your own ſake in quiet let me go:
Preſs not too far on a deſpairing Foe:
I may turn back; and arm'd againſt you move
With all the furious Train of hopeleſs Love.
Alma. Your Honour cannot to ill thoughts give way;
And mine can run no hazard by your ſtay.
Alman. Do you, then, think I can with patience ſee
That Sov'raign good poſſeſt, and not by me?
No; I all day ſhall languiſh at the ſight;
And rave on what I do not ſee, all night.
My quick imagination will preſent
The Scenes and Images of your Content:
When to my envy'd Rival you diſpence
Joys too unruly, and too fierce for Senſe.
Alma. Theſe are the day-dreams which wild fancy yields,
Empty as ſhadows are, that fly o're fields.
O, whether would this boundleſs fancy move!
'Tis but the raging Calenture of Love.
Like the diſtracted Paſſenger you ſtand,
And ſee in Seas imaginary Land,
Cool Groves, and Flow'ry Meads, and while you think
To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you ſink.
Alman. Loves Calenture too well I underſtand;
But ſure your Beauty is no Fairy-Land!
Of your own Form a Judge you cannot be;
For, Glow-worm-like, you ſhine, and do not ſee.
Alma. Can you think this, and would you go away?
Alman. What recompence attends me if I ſtay?
Alma. You know I am from recompence debarr'd;
But I will grant you merit a Reward.
Your Flame's too noble to deſerve a cheat;
And I too plain to practiſe a Deceit.
I no return of Love can ever make;
But what I ask is for my Husband's ſake.
He, I confeſs, has been ungrateful too;
But he and I are ruin'd if you go;
Your Vertue to the hardeſt proof I bring:
Unbrib'd, preſerve a Miſtreſs and a King.
Alman. I'le ſtop at nothing that appears ſo brave;
I'le do't: and now I no Reward will have.
You've given my Honour ſuch an ample Field,
That I may dye, but that ſhall never yield.

Spight

Spight of my self I'le stay, Fight, Love, Despair;
And I can do all this, because I dare.
Yet I may own one suit.——
That Scarf, which since by you it has been born,
Is Blest, like Relicks which by Saints were worn.

Possunt quia posse videntur. Virg.

Alma. Presents like this my Vertue durst not make,
But that 'tis giv'n you for my Husband's sake.

[*Gives the Scarf.*

Alman. This Scarf to Honourable Rags I'le wear:
As conqu'ring Soldiers tatter'd Ensigns bear.
But oh how much my fortune I despise,
Which gives me Conquest, while she Love denies!

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE *The Alhambra.*

Almahide and Esperanza.

Espe. AFfected Modesty has much of Pride;
That Scarf he begg'd, you could not have deni'd:
Nor does it shock the Vertue of a Wife,
When giv'n that Man to whom you owe your Life.

Alma. Heav'n knows from all intent of ill 'twas free;
Yet it may feed my Husbands Jealousie;
And, for that cause, I wish it were not done.

[*To them* Boabdelin, *and walks apart.*

See where he comes all pensive, and alone;
A gloomy Fury has o're-spread his Face:
'Tis so! and all my Fears are come to pass.

[Boabdelin *aside.*

Marriage, thou curse of Love, and snare of Life;
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear;
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landschape near.
Loves nauseous Cure! thou cloyst whom thou shou'dst please;
And, when thou cur'st, then Thou art the disease.

When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties;
Love couples Friends; but Marriage Enemies.
If Love, like mine, continues after thee,
'Tis soon made sowre, and turn'd by Jealousie.
No sign of Love in jealous Men remains,
But that which sick Men have of life; their pains.

[Almahide *walking to him.*

Has my dear Lord some new affliction had?
Have I done any thing that makes him sad?

Boab. You! nothing, You! but let me walk alone.

Alma. I will not leave you till the cause be known:
My knowledge of the Ill may bring relief.

Boab. Thank ye: You never fail to cure my grief!
Trouble me not; my grief concerns not you.

Alma. While I have life I will your steps pursue.

Boab. I'm out of humour now; you must not stay.

Alma. I fear it is that Scarf I gave away.

Boab. No; 'tis not that:—but speak of it no more;
Go hence; I am not what I was before.

Alma. Then I will make you so: give me your hand!
Can you this Pressing, and these Tears withstand?

Boab. *sighing, and going off from her.*

O Heav'n, were she but mine, or mine alone!
Ah, why are not the Hearts of Women known!
False Women to new joys, unseen can move:
There are no prints left in the paths of Love.
All Goods besides by publick marks are known;
But what we most desire to keep, has none.

Alma. *approaching him.*

Why will you in your Brest your Passion croud,
Like unborn Thunder rowling in a Cloud?
Torment not your poor Heart; but set it free;
And rather let its fury break on me.
I am not married to a God; I know
Men must have Passions, and can bear from you.
I fear th' unlucky Present I have made!

Boab. O pow'r of Guilt; how Conscience can upbraid!

It

It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what she would most conceal.

Alma. Can such a toy, and giv'n in publick too,

Boab. False Woman, you contriv'd it should be so.
That publick Gift in private was design'd,
The Emblem of the Love you meant to bind.
Hence from my sight, ungrateful as thou art;
And, when I can, I'le banish thee my Heart.

[She weeps.

To them Almanzor *wearing the Scarf, he sees her weep.*

Alman. What precious drops are those,
Which, silently, each others track pursue,
Bright as young Diamonds in their birth they grow?
Your Lustre you should free from Tears maintain;
Like Egypt, rich without the help of Rain.
Now curst be he who gave this cause of grief;
And double curst who does not give relief.

Alma. Our common Fears, and publick Miseries
Have drawn these Tears from my afflicted Eyes.

Alman. Madam, I cannot easily believe
It is for any publick cause you grieve.
On your fair Face the marks of Sorrow lye;
But I read fury in your Husbands Eye.
And, in that passion, I too plainly find
That you'r unhappy; and that he's unkind.

Alma. Not new-made Mothers greater love express
Than he; when with first looks their Babes they bless.
Not Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs kind;
Nor guardian Angels to their charge assign'd.

Boab. O Goodness counterfeited to the life!
O the well acted vertue of a Wife!
Would you with this my just suspicions blind?
You've giv'n me great occasion to be kind! ——
The marks, too, of your spotless Love appear;
Witness the badge of my dishonour there.

Pointing to Almanzor's Scarf.

Alman. Unworthy owner of a gemm so rare!
Heav'ns, why must he possess, and I despair?
Why is this Miser doom'd to all this store,
He who has all, and yet believes he's poor?

Almahide *to* Almanzor.

You'r much too bold, to blame a Jealouſie
So kind in him, and ſo deſir'd by me.
The faith of Wives would unrewarded prove,
Without thoſe juſt obſervers of our Love.
The greater care, the higher paſſion ſhows;
We hold that deareſt we moſt fear to loſe.
Diſtruſt in Lovers is too warm a Sun;
But yet 'tis night in Love when that is gone.
And, in thoſe Climes which moſt his ſcorching know,
He makes the nobleſt Fruits and Metals grow.

Alman. Yes, there are Mines of Treaſure in your Breſt,
Seen by that jealous Sun; but not poſſeſt.
He, like a Dev'l among the Bleſt above,
Can take no pleaſure in your Heav'n of Love.
Go take her; and thy cauſleſs fears remove; *To the King.*
Love her ſo well, that I with Rage may dye;
Dull Husbands have no right to jealouſie:
If that's allow'd, it muſt in Lovers be.

Boab. The ſuccor which thou bring'ſt me makes thee bold:
But know, without thy aid my Crown I'le hold.
Or, if I cannot, I will fire the place:
Of a full City make a naked ſpace.
Hence then, and from a Rival ſet me free:
I'le do, I'le ſuffer any thing, but Thee.

Alman. I wonnot go; I'le not be forc'd away:
I came not for thy ſake; nor do I ſtay.
It was the Queen who for my Aid did ſend;
And, 'tis I only can the Queen defend.
I, for her ſake, thy Scepter will maintain;
And thou, by me, in ſpight of thee, ſhalt raign.

Boab. Had I but Hope I could defend this place;
Three days thou ſhou'dſt not live to my diſgrace.
So ſmall a time———
Might I poſſeſs my *Almahide* alone,
I would live ages out e're they were gone.
I ſhould not be of Love or Life bereft;
All ſhould be ſpent before; and nothing left.

Almahide *to* Boabdelin.

As for your ſake I for *Almanzor* ſent,
So, when you pleaſe, he goes to baniſhment.

You ſhall, at laſt, my Loyalty approve:
I will refuſe no tryal of my Love.
Boab. How can I think you love me, while I ſee
That Trophee of a Rivals Victory?
I'le tear it from his ſide.———
Alman.———I'le hold it faſt
As Life: and, when Life's gone, I'le hold this laſt.
And if thou tak'ſt it after I am ſlain,
I'le ſend my Ghoſt to fetch it back again.
Alma. When I beſtow'd that Scarf, I had not thought,
Or not conſider'd it might be a fau't.
But ſince my Lord's diſpleas'd that I ſhould make
So ſmall a Preſent, I Command it back.
Without delay th'unlucky Gift reſtore;
Or, from this minute, never ſee me more.
Alman. *pulling it off haſtily, and preſenting it to her.*
The ſhock of ſuch a curſe I dare not ſtand,
Thus I obey your abſolute Command.
[*She gives it the King.*
Muſt he the ſpoils of ſcorn'd *Almanzor* wear?
May *Turnu's* fate be thine; who dar'd to bear
The belt of murder'd *Pallas*; from afar
Mayſt thou be known, and be the mark of War.
Live juſt to ſee it from thy Shoulders torn
By common hands, and by ſome Coward worn.
[*An Allarm within.*

Enter Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet, Abenamar: *their Swords drawn.*

Abdel. Is this a time for Diſcord, or for Grief?
We periſh, Sir, without your quick relief.
I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate.
The Foes purſue their Fortune; and our Fate.
Zul. The Rebels with the *Spaniards* are agreed.
Boab. Take breath; my Guards ſhall to the Fight ſucceed.
[Aben. *to* Alman.
Why ſtay you, Sir? the conqu'ring Foe is near:
Give us their courage; and give them our fear.
Hamet. Take Arms, or we muſt periſh in your ſight.
Alman. I care not; periſh; for I will not fight.

I wonnot lift an Arm in his defence:
Yet will I not remove one foot from hence:
I to your Kings defence his Town resign;
This only ſpot whereon I ſtand, is mine. [*To the Queen.*
Madam, be ſafe; and lay aſide your fear:
You are, as in a Magique Circle, here.

Boab. To our own valour our ſucceſs we'l owe:
Haſte, *Hamet*, with *Abenamar* to go;
You two draw up, with all the ſpeed you may,
Our laſt Reſerves, and yet redeem the day.

Exeunt Hamet *and* Abenamar, *one way, the King the other, with* Abdelmelech, *&c.*

[*Alarm within.*

Enter Abdelmelech, *his Sword drawn.*

Abdel. *Granada* is no more! th' unhappy King
Vent'ring too far, e're we could ſuccor bring,
Was, by the Duke of *Arcos*, Priſ'ner made;
And, paſt relief, is to the Fort convey'd.

Alman. Heav'n, thou art juſt! go, now deſpiſe my aid.

Alma. Unkind *Almanzor*, how am I betray'd!
Betray'd by him in whom I truſted moſt!
But I will ne're out-live what I have loſt.
Is this your Succor, this your boaſted Love!
I will accuſe you to the Saints above!
Almanzor vow'd he would for Honour fight;
And lets my Husband periſh in my ſight.

Exeunt Almahide, *and* Eſperanza.

Alman. O, I have err'd; but fury made me blind:
And in her juſt reproach my fault I find!
I promis'd even for him to fight, whom I ——
——But ſince he's lov'd by her, he muſt not dye.
Thus, happy Fortune comes to me in vain,
When I my ſelf muſt ruine it again.

To him Abenamar, Hamet, Abdelmelech, Zulema, Soldiers.

Aben. The Foe has enter'd the Vermillion Tow'rs;
And nothing but th' *Alhambra* now is ours.

Alman. Ev'n that's too much, except we may have more;
You loſt it all to that laſt ſtake before.

Fate, now come back; thou canſt not farther get:
The bounds of thy libration here are ſet.
Thou knowſt this place,———
And like a clock wound up, ſtrik'ſt here for me;
Now Chance aſſert thy own Inconſtancy:
And Fortune fight, that thou mayſt Fortune be.
They come; here, favour'd by the narrow place, *A noiſe within.*
I can, with few, their groſs Battalion face.
By the dead Wall, you, *Abdelmelech*, wind;
Then, charge; and their retreat cut off behind.

An Alarm within. *Exeunt.*

Enter Almanzor *and his party, with* Abdalla *priſoner.*

Alman. *to* Abdal.
You were my friend; and to that name I owe
The juſt reſpect which you refus'd to ſhow.
Your liberty I frankly would reſtore;
But Honour now forbids me to do more.
Yet, Sir, your freedom in your choice ſhall be;
When you Command to ſet your Brother free,
Abdal. Th' exchange which you propoſe, with joy I take;
An offer eaſier than my hopes could make.
Your benefits revenge my crimes to you:
For I my ſhame in that bright Mirror view.
Alman. No more; you give me thanks you do not know;
I have been faulty; and repent me now.
But, though our Penitence a vertue be,
Mean Souls alone repent in miſery.
The brave own faults when good ſucceſs is giv'n:
For then they come on equal terms to Heav'n.

Exeunt.

SCENE *The Albayzin.*

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.

Benz. I ſee there's ſomewhat which you fear to tell;
Speak quickly, *Ozmyn*, is my Father well?——
——Why croſs you thus your Arms; and ſhake your Head?
Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

Ozm.

Ozm. I know not more than you; but fear not less;
Twice sinking, I withdrew him from the Press.
But the victorious Foe pursu'd so fast,
That flying throngs divided us at last.
As Seamen parting in a gen'ral wrack,
When first the loos'ning Planks begin to crack,
Each catches one, and straight are far disjoyn'd;
Some born by Tides, and others by the Wind:
So, in this ruine, from each other rent,
With heav'd up hands we mutual fare wels sent;
Methought his Eyes, when just I lost his view,
Were looking blessings to be sent to you.

Benz. Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too severe,
Thou rul'st Mankind, but art a Tyrant here!
Thy widest Empire's in a Lovers Breast:
Like open Seas we seldom are at rest.
Upon thy Coasts our Wealth is daily cast;
And thou, like Pyrats, mak'st no Peace to last.

To them Duke of Arcos, Lyndaraxa, *and* Guards.

D. *Arc.* We were surpriz'd when least we did suspect;
And justly suffer'd by our own neglect.

Lynd. No; none but I have reason to complain.
So near a Kingdom, yet 'tis lost again!
O, how unequally in me were joyn'd,
A creeping fortune, with a soaring mind!
O Lottery of Fate! where still the Wise
Draw blanks of Fortune; and the Fools the prize!
These cross ill-shuffled Lots from Heav'n are sent,
Yet dull Religion teaches us Content.
But, when we ask it where that blessing dwells,
It points to Pedant Colleges, and Cells.
There shows it rude, and in a homely dress;
And that proud Want mistakes for Happiness.

A Trumpet within.

Enter Zulema.

Brother! what strange adventure brought you here?

Zul. The news I bring will yet more strange appear.
The little care you of my Life did show,
Has of a Brother justly made a Foe.

And

And *Abdelmelech*, who that life did ſave,
As juſtly has deſerv'd that love he gave.
Lynd. Your buſineſs cools, while tediouſly it ſtays
On the low Theme of *Abdelmelechs* praiſe.
Zul. This I preſent from Prince *Abdalla*'s hands:
[*Delivers a Letter, which ſhe reads.*
Lynd. He has propos'd, (to free him from his bands.)
That, with his Brother, an exchange be made.
Arcos. It proves the ſame deſign which we had laid.
Before the Caſtle let a Bar be ſet;
And, when the Captives on each ſide are met,
With equal Numbers choſen for their Guard,
Juſt at the time the paſſage is unbarr'd,
Let both at once advance, at once be free.
Lynd. Th' exchange I will my ſelf in perſon ſee.
Benz. I fear to ask, yet would from doubt be freed,
Is *Selin* Captive, Sir, or is he dead?
Zul. I grieve to tell you what you needs muſt know;
He's made a Priſ'ner to his greateſt Foe.
Kept, with ſtrong Guards, in the *Alhambra* Tow'r;
Without the reach ev'n of *Almanzor*'s pow'r.
Ozm. With Grief and Shame I am at once oppreſt.
Zul. You will be more, when I relate the reſt.
To you I from *Abenamar* am ſent; [*To* Ozmyn.
And you alone can *Selin*'s death prevent.
Give up your ſelf a Priſ'ner in his ſtead;
Or, e're too morrow's dawn believe him dead.
Benz. E're that appear I ſhall expire with grief.
Zul. Your Action ſwift, your Counſel muſt be brief.
Lynd. While for *Abdalla*'s freedom we prepare,
You in each others Breſt unload your care.
Exeunt all but Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.
Benz. My wiſhes contradictions muſt imply;
You muſt not go;- and yet he muſt not dye.
Your Reaſon may, perhaps, th' extremes unite;
But there's a miſt of Fate before my ſight.
Ozm. The two Extremes too diſtant are to cloſe;
And humane Wit can no mid-way propoſe.
My duty therefore ſhows the neareſt way,
To free your Father, and my own obey.
Benz. Your Father, whom, ſince yours, I grieve to blame,
Has loſt, or quite forgot a Parents name.

And, when at once poſſeſt of him and you,
Inſtead of freeing one, will murder two.
Ozm. Fear not my Life; but ſuffer me to go:
What cannot Only Sons with Parents do!
'Tis not my death my Father does purſue;
He only would withdraw my Love from you.
Benz. Now, *Ozmyn*, now your want of Love I ſee:
For, would you go, and hazard loſing me?
Ozm. I rather would ten thouſand Lives forſake.
Nor can you e're believe the doubt you make.———
———This night I with a choſen Band will goe;
And, by ſurprize, will free him from the Foe.
Benz. What Foe! ah whether would your vertue fall!
He is your Father whom the Foe you call.
Darkneſs and Rage will no diſtinction make;
And yours may periſh for my Father's ſake.
Ozm. Thus, when my weaker Vertue goes aſtray,
Yours pulls it back; and guides me in the way:———
I'le ſend him word, my Being ſhall depend
On *Selin*'s Life, and with his Death ſhall end.
Benz. 'Tis that indeed would glut your Father's rage:
Revenge on *Ozmyn*'s Youth, and *Selin*'s Age.
Ozm. What e're I plot, like *Siſyphus*, in vain
I heave a ſtone that tumbles down again!
Benz. This Glorious work is then reſerv'd for me;
He is my Father; and I'le ſet him free.
Theſe Chains my Father for my ſake does wear:
I made the fault; and I the pains will bear.
Ozm. Yes; you no doubt have merited thoſe pains:
Thoſe hands, thoſe tender Limbs were made for Chains.
Did I not love you, yet it were too baſe
To let a Lady ſuffer in my place.
Thoſe proofs of Vertue you before did ſhow,
I did admire: but I muſt envy now.
Your vaſt ambition leaves no Fame for me,
But graſp's at Univerſal Monarchy.
Benz. Yes, *Ozmyn*, I ſhall ſtill this Palm purſue;
I will not yield my Glory, ev'n to you.
I'le break thoſe bonds in which my Father's ty'd:
Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'le divide.
What though my Limbs a Womans weakneſs ſhow;
I have a Soul as *Maſculine* as you.

And

And when theſe Limbs want ſtrength my Chains to wear;
My Mind ſhall teach my Body how to bear.

Exit Benzayda.

Ozm. What I reſolve, I muſt not let her know;
But Honour has decreed ſhe muſt not goe.
What ſhe reſolves I muſt prevent with care;
She ſhall not in my Fame or Danger ſhare.
I'le give ſtrict Order to the Guards which wait,
That, when ſhe comes, ſhe ſhall not paſs the Gate.
Fortune, at laſt, has run me out of Breath;
I have no refuge; but the Arms of death:
To that dark Sanctuary I will go:
She cannot reach me when I lye ſo low.

SCENE *The Albayzin.*

Enter on the one ſide, Almanzor, Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet. *On the other ſide, the Duke of* Arcos, Boabdelin, Lyndaraxa, *and their party. The ſame time* Boabdelin *and* Abdalla *paſs by each other, each to his party: when* Abdalla *is paſt on the other ſide, the Duke of* Arcos *approaches, and calls to* Almanzor.

Arc. The hatred of the brave, with battails ends;
And Foes who fought for Honour, then are Friends.
I love thee, brave *Almanzor*, and am proud
To have one hour when Love may be allow'd.
This hand, in ſign of that eſteem, I plight:
We ſhall have angry hours enough to fight.

[*Giving his hand.*

Alman. The Man who dares, like you, in fields appear,
And meet my Sword, ſhall be my Miſtreſs here.
If I am proud, 'tis only to my Foes;
Rough but to ſuch who Vertue would oppoſe.
If I ſome fierceneſs from a Father drew,
A Mother's Milk gives me ſome ſoftneſs too.

Arc. Since firſt you took, and after ſet me free,
(Whether a ſence of Gratitude it be,
Or ſome more ſecret motion of my mind,
For which I want a name that's more than kind)

I ſhall be glad, by what e're means I can,
To get the Friendſhip of ſo brave a man:
And would your unavailing valour call,
From aiding thoſe whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.
We owe you that reſpect———
Which to the Gods of Foes beſieg'd was ſhown;
To call you out before we take your Town.

Alman. Thoſe whom we love, Sir, we ſhou'd value too:
And not debauch that Vertue which we wooe.
Yet, though you give my Honour juſt offence,
I'le take your kindneſs in the better ſence.
And, ſince you for my ſafety ſeem to fear,
I, to return your Bribe, ſhould wiſh you here.
But, ſince I love you more than you do me,
In all events preſerve your Honour free:
For that's your own, though not your deſtiny.

Arc. Were you oblig'd in Honour by a Truſt,
I ſhould not think my own propoſals juſt.
But, ſince you fight for an unthankful king,
What loſs of Fame can change of parties bring?

Alman. It will, and may with Juſtice too be thought,
That ſome advantage in that change I ſought.
And, though I twice have chang'd for wrongs receiv'd,
That it was done for profit none believ'd.
The King's Ingratitude I knew before;
So that can be no cauſe of changing more.
If now I ſtand, when no reward can be;
'Twill ſhow the fault before was not in me.

Arcos. Yet there is one reward to valour due;
And ſuch it is, as may be ſought by you.
That beauteous Queen: whom you can never gain,
While you ſecure her Husbands Life and Raign.

Alman. Then be it ſo: let me have no return
From him, but Hatred, and from her, but Scorn.
There is this comfort in a noble Fate,
That I deſerve to be more fortunate.
——You have my laſt reſolve; and now farewel;
My boding Heart ſome Miſchief does foretel:
But, what it is, Heav'n will not let me know;
I'me ſad to death that I muſt be your Foe.

Here Lyndaraxa *comes near, and hears them.*

Arcos.

Arc. Heav'n, when we meet, if fatal it muſt be
To one; ſpare him; and caſt the Lot on me.

[*They retire.*

Lynd. Ah, what a noble Conqueſt were this Heart!
I am reſolv'd I'le try my utmoſt Art:
In gaining him I gain that fortune too
Which he has Wedded, and which I but wooe.
I'le try each ſecret paſſage to his mind;
And Loves ſoft Bands about his Heart-ſtrings wind.
Not his vow'd Conſtancy ſhall ſcape my ſnare;
While he without reſiſtance, does prepare,
I'le melt into him e're his Love's aware.

{ *She makes a geſture of invitation to* Almanzor, *who returns again.*

Lynd. You ſee, Sir, to how ſtrange a remedy
A perſecuted Maid is forc'd to fly.
Who, much diſtreſt, yet ſcarce has confidence
To make your noble pity her defence.

Alman. Beauty, like yours, can no protection need;
Or, if it ſues, is certain to ſucceed.
To what e're Service you ordain my hand;
Name your Requeſt, and call it your Command.

Lynd. You cannot, Sir, but know, that my ill Fate
Has made me lov'd with all th' effects of Hate:
One Lover would by force my Perſon gain;
Which one as guilty would by force detain.
Raſh *Abdelmelech*'s Love I cannot prize;
And fond *Abdalla*'s paſſion I deſpiſe.
As you are brave, ſo you are prudent too,
Adviſe a wretched Woman what to do.

Alman. Have courage, Fair one; put your truſt in me;
You ſhall at leaſt from thoſe you hate, be free.
Reſign your Caſtle to the King's Command;
And leave your Love-concernments in my hand.

Lynd. The King, like them, is fierce, and faithleſs too:
How can I truſt him who has injur'd you?
Keep for your ſelf; (and you can grant no leſs)
What you alone are worthy to poſſeſs!
Enter, brave Sir; for when you ſpeak the word,
Theſe Gates will open of their own accord.
The Genious of the place its Lord will meet,
And bend its tow'ry Forehead to your Feet.

That

That little Cittadel which now you ſee,
Shall then, the head of Conquer'd Nations be:
And every Turret, from your coming, riſe
The Mother of ſome great Metropolis.
Alman. 'Tis pity words which none but Gods ſhould hear,
Should loſe their ſweetneſs in a Soldier's Ear:
I am not that *Almanzor* whom you praiſe:
But your fair Mouth can fair Idea's raiſe.
I am a wretch, to whom it is deny'd
T' accept, with Honour, what I wiſh with Pride.
And ſince I fight not for my ſelf, muſt bring
The fruits of all my Conqueſts to the King.
Lynd. Say rather, to the Queen; to whoſe fair name
I know you vow the Trophies of your Fame.
I hope ſhe is as kind as ſhe is fair:
Kinder than unexperienc'd Virgins are
To their firſt Loves; (though ſhe has lov'd before,
And that firſt Innocence is now no more:)
But, in revenge, ſhe gives you all her Heart:
(For you are much too brave to take a part.)
Though blinded by a Crown, ſhe did not ſee
Almanzor greater than a King could be;
I hope her Love repairs her ill made choice:
Almanzor cannot be deluded twice.
Alman. No, not deluded; for none count their gains,
Who, like *Almanzor*, franckly give their pains.
Lynd. Almanzor, do not cheat your ſelf, and me;
Your Love is not refin'd to that degree.
For, ſince you have deſires; and thoſe not bleſt,
Your Love's uneaſie, and at little reſt.
Alman. 'Tis true; my own unhappineſs I ſee:
But who alas! can my Phyſician be?
Love, like a lazy Ague I endure,
Which fears the Water; and abhors the Cure.
Lynd. 'Tis a Conſumption, which your life does waſte:
Still flatt'ring you with hope, till help be paſt.
But, ſince of cure from her you now deſpair;
You, like conſumptive Men, ſhould change your Air.
Love ſome where elſe; 'tis a hard remedy;
But yet you owe your ſelf ſo much to try.
Alman. My Love's now grown ſo much a part of me,
That life would in the Cure endanger'd be.

At

At leaſt, it like a Limb cut off would ſhow;
And better dye than like a Cripple goe.
Lynd. You muſt be brought, like Mad Men to their Cure;
And Darkneſs firſt, and next new Bonds endure:
Do you dark abſence to your ſelf ordain:
And I, in Charity, will find the Chain.
Alman. Love is that madneſs which all Lovers have;
But yet 'tis ſweet and pleaſing ſo to Rave.
'Tis an Enchantment where the Reaſon's bound:
But Paradiſe is in th' enchanted ground.
A Palace void of Envy, Cares, and Strife:
Where gentle hours delude ſo much of Life.
To take thoſe Charms away, and ſet me free,
Is but to ſend me into miſery.
And Prudence, of whoſe Cure ſo much you boaſt,
Reſtores thoſe Pains which that ſweet Folly loſt.
Lynd. I would not, like Philoſophers, remove,
But ſhew you a more pleaſing ſhape of Love.
You a ſad, ſullen, froward Love did ſee;
I'le ſhow him kind, and full of gaycty.
In ſhort, *Almanzor*, it ſhall be my care
To ſhow you Love; for you but ſaw Deſpair.
Alman. I in the ſhape of Love Deſpair did ſee:
You in his ſhape would ſhow Inconſtancy.
Lynd. There's no ſuch thing as Conſtancy you call:
Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
Firſt, Conſtancy in Love a Vertue made.
From Friendſhip they that Landmark did remove;
And falſly plac'd it on the bounds of Love.
Let th' effects of change be only try'd:
Court me in jeſt; and call me *Almahide*.
But this is only Counſel I impart;
For, I, perhaps, ſhould not receive your Heart.
Alman. Fair though you are———
As Summer mornings, and your Eyes more bright
Than Stars that twinckle in a Winters night;
Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move
Cold age, and praying Hermits into Love;
Though *Almahide* with ſcorn rewards my care;
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to deſpair.

My

My Love's my Soul; and that from Fate is free:
'Tis that unchang'd, and deathless part of me.

Lynd. The Fate of Constancy your Love pursue!
Still to be faithful to what's false to you.

[*Turns from him and goes off angrily.*

Alman. Ye Gods, why are not Hearts first pair'd above;
But some still interfere in others Love!
E're each, for each, by certain marks are known,
You mould 'em oft in haste, and drop 'em down.
And while we seek what carelessly you sort,
You sit in State; and make our pains your sport.

[*Exeunt on both sides.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *Abenamar and Servants.*

Aben. HAste; and conduct the Prisoners to my sight.

Exit *Servant, and immediately enters with* Selin *bound.*

Aben. Did you according to my Orders write? [*To* Selin.
And have you summon'd *Ozmyn* to appear?

Selin. I am not yet so much a slave to fear.
Nor has your Son deserv'd so ill of me,
That by his death or bonds I would be free.

Aben. Against thy life thou dost the sentence give:
Behold how short a time thou hast to live——— [*Drawing a Sword.*

Selin. Make haste; and draw the Curtain while you may:
You but shut out the twilight of my day:
Beneath the burthen of my age I bend;
You kindly ease me e're my Journeys end.

[*To them a Servant, with* Ozmyn;
——— Ozmyn *kneels.*

Aben *to* Selin.
It is enough: my promise makes you free:
Resign your Bonds; and take your Liberty.

Ozm. Sir, you are just; and welcome are these bands:
'Tis all th' Inheritance a Son demands.

Selin.

Selin. Your goodneſs, O my *Ozmyn*, is too great;
I am not weary of my Fetters yet:
Already when you move me to reſign,
I feel 'em heavier on your feet than mine.

Another Soldier.

Sold. A Youth attends you in the outer room,
Who ſeems in haſte; and does from *Ozmyn* come.

Aben. Conduct him in:——

Ozmyn. Sent from *Benzayda* I fear to me.

[*To them* Benzayda *in the habit of a Man.*

Benz. My *Ozmyn* here!

Ozmz.——*Benzayda*! 'tis ſhe!
Go, Youth; I have no buſineſs for thee here: [*To her.*
Go to th' *Albayzin*, and attend me there.
I'le not be long away; I prithee go;
By all our Love and Friendſhip——

Ben.——*Ozmyn*, no.
I did not take on me this bold diſguiſe,
For ends ſo low to cheat your Watchmens Eyes.
When I attempted this, it was to do
An Action to be envy'd ev'n by you:
But you, alas, have been too diligent,
And, what I purpos'd, fatally prevent!
Thoſe Chains which for my Father I would bear,
I take with leſs content, to find you here.
Except your Father will that mercy ſhow,
That I may wear 'em both for him and you.

Aben. I thank thee, Fortune; thou haſt, in one hour,
Put all I could have ask'd thee in my pow'r.
My own loſt wealth thou giv'ſt not only back,
But driv'ſt upon my Coaſt my Pyrats wrack.

Selin. With *Ozmyn*'s kindneſs I was griev'd before;
But yours, *Benzayda*, has undone me more.

Aben. *to* Sold.
Go fetch new Fetters, and the Daughter bind.

Ozm. Be juſt, at leaſt, Sir, though you are not kind.
Benzayda is not as a Pris'ner brought;
But, comes to ſuffer for another's fau't.

Aben. Then, *Ozmyn*, mark; that juſtice which I do,
I, as ſeverely will exact from you.
The Father is not wholly dead in me:
Or you may yet revive it, if it be.

Like Tapers new blown out, the fumes remain
To catch the light, and bring it back again.
——*Benzayda* gave you life, and ſet you free;
For that I will reſtore her liberty.
Ozm. Sir, on my knees I thank you.
Aben.——————*Ozmyn* hold,
One part of what I purpoſe is untold:
Conſider, then, it on your part remains,
When I have broke, not to reſume your Chains.
Like an indulgent Father, I have paid
All Debts, which you, my Prodigal, have made.
Now you are clear, break off your fond deſign;
Renounce *Benzayda*; and be wholly mine.
Ozm. Are theſe the terms? is this the Liberty?
Ah, Sir, how can you ſo inhumane be?
My Duty to my Life I will prefer;
But Life and Duty muſt give place to her.
Aben. Conſider what you ſay; for, with one breath,
You diſobey my Will; and give her Death.
Ozm. Ah, cruel Father, what do you propoſe!
Muſt I, then, kill *Benzayda*, or muſt loſe?
I can do neither; in this wretched ſtate
The leaſt that I can ſuffer is your hate:
And yet, that's worſe than Death; Ev'n while I ſue,
And chooſe your hatred, I could dye for you.
Break quickly, Heart; or let my Blood be ſpilt
By my own hand, to ſave a Fathers guilt.
Benz. Hear me, my Lord, and take this wretched life,
To free you from the fear of *Ozmyn*'s Wife.
I beg but what with eaſe may granted be;
To ſpare your Son, and kill your Enemy.
Or, if my death's a grace too great to give;
Let me, my Lord, without my *Ozmyn* live.
Far from your ſight and *Ozmyn*'s let me go,
And take from him a Care; from you a Foe.
Ozm. How, my *Benzayda!* can you thus reſign
That Love which you have vow'd ſo firmly mine?
Can you leave me for Life and Liberty?
Benz. What I have done will ſhow that I dare dye.
But I'le twice ſuffer death, and go away;
Rather than make you wretched by my ſtay.

By

By this my Father's freedom will be won;
And to your Father I reſtore a Son.

Selin. Ceaſe, ceaſe my Children, your unhappy ſtrife.
Selin will not be ranſom'd by your life.
Barbarian, thy old foe defies thy rage: [*To* Aben.
Turn from their Youth thy malice to my Age.

Ben. Forbear, dear Father, for your *Ozmyn*'s ſake:
Do not ſuch words to *Ozmyn*'s Father ſpeak.

Ozm. Alas! 'tis counterfeited rage; he ſtrives
But to divert the danger from our lives.
For, I can witneſs, Sir, and you might ſee,
How in your perſon he conſider'd me.
He ſtill declin'd the Combat where you were;
And you well know it was not out of fear.

Ben. Alas! my Lord, where can your vengeance fall?
Your juſtice will not let it reach us all.
Selin and *Ozmyn* both would ſuff'rers be;
And puniſhment's a favour done to me,
If we are Foes: ſince you have pow'r to kill,
'Tis gen'rous in you not to have the will.
But are we Foes? look round, my Lord, and ſee;
Point out that face which is your Enemy.
Would you your hand in *Selin*'s blood embrue?
Kill him unarm'd, who, arm'd, ſhun'd killing you!
Am I your Foe? ſince you deteſt my line,
That hated name of *Zegry* I reſign:
For you, *Benzayda* will your ſelf diſclaim:
Call me your Daughter, and forget my name.

Selin. This vertue wou'd even Savages ſubdue;
And ſhall it want the pow'r to vanquiſh you?

Ozm. It has, it has: I read it in his Eyes;
'Tis now not anger; 'tis but ſhame denyes.
A ſhame of error, which great ſpirits find;
Which keeps down vertue ſtrugling in the mind.

Aben. Yes; I am vanquiſh'd! the fierce conflict's paſt:
And ſhame it ſelf is now o'rcome at laſt.
'Twas long before my ſtubborn Mind was won;
But, melting once, I on the ſuddain run.
Nor can I hold my headlong Kindneſs, more
Than I could curb my cruel Rage before.
[*Runs to* Benz. *and embraces her.*
Benzayda, 'twas your Vertue vanquiſh'd me:
That could alone ſurmount my Cruelty.

[*Runs to* Selin, *and unbinds him.*

Forgive me, *Selin*, my neglect of you!
But Men juſt waking, ſcarce know what they do.

Ozm. O Father!

Benz.———Father!

Aben.———Dare I own that name!
Speak; ſpeak it often, to remove my ſhame.

[*They all embrace him.*

O *Selin*, O my Children, let me go!
I have more kindneſs than I yet can ſhow.
For my recov'ry I muſt ſhun your ſight:
Eyes us'd to darkneſs, cannot bear the light.

[*He runs in, they following him.*

SCENE *The Albayzin.*

Almanzor, Abdelmelech, Soldiers.

Alman. 'Tis War again; and I am glad 'tis ſo;
Succeſs ſhall now by force and courage go.
Treaties are but the Combats of the Brain,
Where ſtill the ſtronger loſe, and weaker gain.

Abdel. On this Aſſault, brave Sir, which we prepare,
Depends the Sum and Fortune of the War.
Encamp'd without the Fort the *Spaniard* lyes;
And may, in ſpight of us, ſend in Supplyes.
Conſider yet, e're we attacque the place,
What 'tis to ſtorm it in an Armyes Face.

Alman. The minds of Heroes their own meaſures are;
They ſtand exempted from the rules of War.
One looſe, one Sally of the Heroes Soul,
Does all the Military Art controul.
While tim'rous Wit goes round, or foords the ſhore,
He ſhoots the Gulph; and is already o're.
And, when th' Enthuſiaſtique fit is ſpent,
Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent.

An Alarm within. *Exeunt.*

Enter Almanzor *and* Abdelmelech *with their Soldiers.*

Abdel. They fly, they fly; take breath, and charge agen.
Alman. Make good your entrance, and bring up more Men.

I fear'd, brave Friend, my Aid had been too late.

Abdel. You drew us from the jaws of certain Fate.
At my Approach———
The Gate was open, and the Draw-bridge down;
But, when they ſaw I ſtood, and came not on,
They charg'd with fury on my little Band;
Who, much o'r-powr'd, could ſcarce the ſhock withſtand.

Alman. E're night we will the whole *Albayzin* gain;
But ſee the *Spaniards* march along the Plain,
To its relief: you, *Abdelmelech*, go
And force the reſt, while I repulſe the Foe.

Exit Almanzor.

Enter Abdalla, *and ſome few Soldiers who ſeem fearful.*

Abdal. Turn, Cowards, turn; there is no hope in flight;
You yet may live, if you but dare to fight.
Come, you brave few who only fear to fly:
We're not enow to Conquer, but to dye.

Abdel. No, Prince; that mean advantage I refuſe:
'Tis in your pow'r a nobler Fate to chooſe.
Since we are Rivals, Honour does Command,
We ſhould not dye but by each others hand.
[*To his Men.*
Retire; and if it prove my deſtiny
To fall; I charge you let the Prince go free.

The Soldiers depart on both ſides.

Abdal. O, *Abdelmelech*, that I knew ſome way
This debt of Honour which I owe, to pay.
But Fate has left this only means for me,
To dye: and leave you *Lyndaraxa* free.

Abdel. He who is vanquiſh'd and is ſlain, is bleſt;
The wretched Conqueror can ne'r have reſt:
But is reſerv'd a harder fate to prove;
(Bound in the Fetters of diſſembled Love.)

Abdal. Now thou art baſe; and I deſerve her more:
Without complaint I will to death adore.
Dar'ſt thou ſee faults: and yet doſt Love pretend?
I will ev'n *Lyndaraxa*'s Crimes defend.

Abdel. Maintain her cauſe, then, better than thy own,
Than thy ill got, and worſe defended Throne.

They fight, Abdalla *falls.*

Abdel.

Abdel. Now ask your life.

Abdal. ——— 'Tis gone; that buſie thing
The Soul, is packing up, and juſt on wing.
Like parting Swallows, when they ſeek the Spring.
Like them, at its appointed time, it goes;
And flyes to Countreys more unknow than thoſe.

Enter Lyndaraxa *haſtily, ſees them, and is going out again.*

Abdelmelech *ſtopping her.*

No; you ſhall ſtay, and ſee a Sacrifice;
Not offer'd by my Sword, but by your Eyes.
From thoſe he firſt Ambitions poyſon drew;
And ſwell'd to Empire for the love of you.
Accurſed fair!
Thy Comet-blaze portends a Princes Fate;
And ſuff'ring Subjects groan beneath thy weight.

Abdal. Ceaſe Rival, ceaſe!
I would have forc'd you; but it wonnot be:
I beg you now, upbraid her not for me. [*To* Lynd.
You faireſt, to my memory be kind:
Lovers like me your Sex will ſeldom find.
When I uſurp'd a Crown for love of you,
I, then, did more than dying now I do.
I'm ſtill the ſame as when my Love begun;
And could I now this Fate foreſee, or ſhun; } *dyes.*
Would yet do all I have already done.

{ *She puts her Handkerchief to her Eyes.*

Abdel. Weep on; weep on; for it becomes you now:
Theſe Tears you to that Love may well allow,
His unrepenting Soul, if it could move
Upward, in Crimes, flew ſpotted with your Love;
And brought Contagion to the bleſt above.

Lynd. He's gone; and peace go with a conſtant mind:
His Love deſerv'd I ſhould have been more kind.
But then your Love and greater worth I knew:
I was unjuſt to him, but juſt to you.

Abdel. I was his Enemy and Rival too;
Yet I ſome Tears to his Misfortunes owe:

You

You owe him more; weep then; and joyn with me:
So much is due ev'n to Humanity.

Lynd. Weep for this Wretch, whose memory I hate!
Whose folly made us both unfortunate!
Weep for this fool, who did my laughter move;
This whining, tedious, heavy lump of Love.

Abdel. Had fortune favour'd him, and frown'd on me,
I then had been that heavy fool, not he:
Just this had been my fun'ral Elegy.
Thy Arts and falshood I before did know;
But this last baseness was conceal'd till now.
And t'was no more than needful to be known;
I could be cur'd by such an act alone.
My Love, half blasted, yet in time would shoot;
But this last tempest rends it to the root.

Lynd. These little picques, which now your Anger move,
Will vanish; and are only signs of Love.
You've been too fierce; and, at some other time,
I should not with such ease forgive your Crime.
But, in a day of publick joy, like this,
I pardon; and forget what ere's amiss.

Abdel. These Arts have oft prevail'd; but must no more;
The spell is ended, and th' Enchantment o're.
You have at last destroy'd, with much ado,
That love, which none could have destroy'd, but you.
My love was blind to your deluding Art;
But blind Men feel, when stab'd so near the heart.

Lynd. I must confess there was some pity due:
But I conceal'd it out of Love to you.

Abdel. No, *Lyndaraxa*; 'tis at last too late:
Our Loves have mingled with too much of Fate.
I would, but cannot now my self deceive:
O that you still could cheat, and I believe!

Lynd. Do not so light a quarrel long pursue:
You grieve your Rival was less lov'd than you.
'Tis hard, when Men of kindness must complain!

Abdel. I'm now awake, and cannot dream again!

Lynd. Yet hear———

Abdel. ——No more: nothing my heart can bend:
That Queen you scorn'd, you shall this night attend.
Your life the King has pardon'd for my sake;
But, on your Pride, I some Revenge must take.

See

See now th' effects of what your Arts design'd:
Thank your inconstant, and ambitious Mind.
'Tis just that she who to no Love is true,
Should be forsaken, and contemn'd, like you.
Lynd. All Arts of injur'd Women I will try:
First I will be reveng'd; and then I'le dye.
But like some falling Tow'r——
Whose seeming firmness does the sight beguile,
So hold I up my nodding head a while,
Till they come under; and reserve my fall,
That with my ruines I may reach 'em all.
Abdel. Conduct her hence——

Exit Lyndaraxa *guarded.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Almanzor is victorious without fight;
The Foes retreated when he came in sight.
Under the Walls, this night, his Men are drawn;
And mean to seek the *Spaniard* with the dawn.
Abel. The Sun's declin'd:
Command the Watch be set without delay;
And in the Fort let bold *Benducar* stay.
I'le haste to Court, where Solitude I'le fly; [*Aside.*
And herd, like wounded Deer, in company.
But oh, how hard is passion to remove,
When I must shun my self to 'scape from Love!

Exit.

SCENE.

The Alhambra, or a Gallery.

Zulema, Hamet.

Hamet. I thought your passion for the Queen was dead:
Or that your Love had, with your Hopes, been fled.
Zulema. 'Twas like a fire within a Furnace pent:
I smother'd it, and kept it long from vent.
But (fed with looks, and blown with sighs, so fast)
It broke a passage through my Lips at last.
Ham. Where found you confidence your suite to move?
Our broken fortunes are not fit to love.

Well;

Well; you declar'd your Love: what follow'd then?

Zulema. She look'd as Judges do on guilty Men,
When big with Fate they triumph in their dooms,
And ſmile before the deadly ſentence comes.
Silent I ſtood as I were thunder-ſtrook;
Condemn'd and executed with a look.

Hamet. You ſhou'd, with haſte, ſome remedy prepare:
Now you are in, you muſt break through the ſnare.

Zulema. She ſaid, ſhe would my folly yet conceal;
But vow'd my next attempt ſhe would reveal.

Hamet. 'Tis dark; and in this lonely Gallery,
(Remote from noiſe, and ſhunning every Eye)
One hour each Evening ſhe in private mourns,
And prays, and to the Circle then returns.
Now, if you dare attempt her paſſing by.——

Zulema. Theſe lighted Tapers ſhow the time is nigh.
Perhaps my Courtſhip will not be in vain.
At leaſt few Women will of force complain.

At the other end of the Gallery, Enter Almanzor *and* Eſperanza.

Hamet. *Almanzor*, and with him——
The favourite Slave of the Sultana Queen.
Zulema. E're they approach, let us retire unſeen,
And watch our time when they return agen.
Then Force ſhall give, if Favour does deny;
And, that once done, we'll to the *Spaniards* fly.

Exeunt.

Alman. Now ſtand; th' Apartment of the Queen is near,
And, from this place your voice will reach her ear.

[Eſperanza *goes out.*

SONG in two Parts.

He. *HOw unhappy a Lover am I,*
While I ſigh for my Phillis *in vain;*
All my hopes of Delight
Are another Man's Right,
Who is happy while I am in pain!

2.

She. *Since her Honour allows no relief,*
But to pity the pains which you bear;
'Tis the best of your Fate,
(In a hopeless Estate,)
To give o're, and betimes to despair.

3.

He. *I have try'd the false Med'cine in vain,*
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without, my desire
Has no Food to its Fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.

4.

She. *Yet at least 'tis a pleasure to know*
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore
Is as wretched and more,
And accounts all your suff'rings her own.

5.

He. *O ye Gods, let me suffer for both;*
At the feet of my Phillis *I'le lye.*
I'le resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.

6.

She. *What her Honour deny'd you in Life,*
In her Death she will give to your Love.
Such a Flame as is true
After Fate will renew,
For the Souls to meet closer above.

Enter Esperanza *again after the Song.*

Alman. Accept this Diamond, till I can present
Something more worthy my acknowledgment.
And now, farewel; I will attend alone,
Her coming forth; and make my suff'rings known.
Exit Esperanza.

Solus.

A hollow wind comes whistling through that door;
And a cold shivering seizes me all o're.
My Teeth, too, chatter with a suddain fright:
These are the raptures of too fierce Delight!

The

The combate of the Tyrants, Hope and Fear;
Which Hearts, for want of Field-room, cannot bear.
I grow impatient, this, or that's the room:
I'le meet her; now, methinks, I hear her come.

He goes to the door; the Ghoſt of his Mother meets him, he ſtarts back: the Ghoſt ſtands in the door.

Alman. Well mayſt thou make thy boaſt, whate're thou art,
Thou art the firſt e're made *Almanzor* ſtart.
My Legs———
Shall bear me to thee in their own deſpight:
I'le ruſh into the Covert of thy night,
And pull the backward by thy ſhrowd, to light.
Or elſe I'le ſqueeze thee, like a Bladder, there:
And make thee groan thy ſelf away to Air.
The Ghoſt retires.
So; art thou gone! thou canſt no Conqueſt boaſt:
I thought what was the courage of a Ghoſt.——
—The grudging of my Ague yet remains:
My Blood, like *Iceicles*, hangs in my veins,
And does not drop: be maſter of that door,
We two will not diſturb each other more.
I err'd a little, but extremes may joyn;
That door was Hell's, but this is Heaven's, and mine.

Goes to the other door, and is met again by the Ghoſt.

Again! by Heav'n I do conjure thee, ſpeak.
What art thou, Spirit; and what doſt thou ſeek?
The Ghoſt comes on ſoftly, after the Conjuration: and Almanzor *retires to the middle of the Stage.*
Ghoſt! I am the Ghoſt of her who gave thee birth:
The Airy Shadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I dy'd.
I dy'd; and for my Winding-ſheet, a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.
But, when my Soul to bliſs did upward move,
I wander'd round the Chryſtal Walls above;

But found th' Eternal Fence ſo ſteepy high,
That, when I mounted to the middle Sky,
I flagg'd, and flutter'd down; and could not fly.
Then, from the Battlements of th' Heav'nly Tow'r,
An Angel gave me charge to wait this hour;
And told me I had yet a Task aſſign'd,
To warn that little pledge I left behind;
And to divert him, e're it were too late,
From Crimes unknown; and Errors of his Fate.

Almanzor *bowing.*

Speak, Holy Shade; thou Parent form, ſpeak on:
Inſtruct thy mortal Elemented Son;
(For here I wander to my ſelf unknown.)
But oh, thou better part of Heav'nly Air,
Teach me kind ſpirit, (ſince I am ſtill thy care)
My Parents names!,
If I have yet a Father, let me know
To whoſe old age my humble Youth muſt bow;
And pay its duty, if he mortal be,
Or Adoration, if a Mind like thee.

Ghoſt. Then, what I may, I'le tell.———
From ancient Blood thy Fathers Linage ſprings,
Thy Mothers thou deriv'ſt from ſtemms of Kings.
A Chriſtian born, and born again that day,
When ſacred Water waſh'd thy ſins away.
Yet bred in errors thou doſt miſ-imploy
That ſtrength Heav'n gave thee, and its ſtock deſtroy.

Alman. By Reaſon, Man a Godhead may diſcern:
But, How he would be worſhipt, cannot learn.

Ghoſt. Heav'n does not now thy Ignorance reprove;
But warns thee from known Crimes of lawleſs Love.
That crime thou know'ſt, and knowing, doſt not ſhun,
Shall an unknown, and greater Crime pull on:
But, if thus warn'd, thou leav'ſt this curſed place,
Then ſhalt thou know the Author of thy Race.
Once more I'le ſee thee, when my charge is done,
Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon
Is my abode, where Heav'n and Nature ſmile;
And ſtrew with Flowers the ſecret Bed of *Nyle.*
Bleſt Souls are there refin'd, and made more bright,
And, in the ſhades of Heav'n, prepar'd for light.

Exit Ghoſt.

Alman.

Alman. Oh Heav'n, how dark a Riddle's thy Decree,
Which bounds our Wills, yet ſeems to leave 'em free!
Since thy Fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
Our choice muſt be what thou didſt firſt ordain:
Thus, like a Captive in an Iſle confin'd,
Man walks at large, a Pris'ner of the Mind:
Wills all his Crimes, (while Heav'n th' Indictment draws;)
And, pleading guilty, juſtifies the Laws.——
Let Fate be Fate; the Lover and the Brave
Are rank'd, at leaſt, above the vulgar Slave.
Love makes me willing to my death to run;
And Courage ſcorns the death it cannot ſhun.

Enter Almahide *with a Taper.*

Alma. My Light will ſure diſcover thoſe who talk;—
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?
Alman. He who dares Love, and for that Love muſt dye;
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.
Alma. That Love which you can hope, and I can pay,
May be receiv'd and giv'n in open day.
My praiſe and my eſteem you had before:
And you have bound your ſelf to ask no more.
Alman. Yes, I have bound my ſelf, but will you take
The forfeit of that Bond which force did make?
Alma. You know you are from recompence debarr'd,
But pureſt love can live without reward.
Alman. Pure Love had need be to it ſelf a feaſt;
For, like pure Elements, 'twill nouriſh leaſt.
Alma. It therefore yields the only pure content;
For it, like Angels, needs no nouriſhment.
To eat and drink can no perfection be;
All Appetite implyes Neceſſity.
Alman. 'Twere well, if I could like a Spirit live:
But do not Angels Food to Mortals give.——
What if ſome Dæmon ſhould my death foreſhow,
Or bid me change, and to the Chriſtians go;
Will you not think I merit ſome reward,
When I my Love above my Life regard?
Alma. In ſuch a caſe your change muſt be allow'd;
I would, my ſelf, diſpence with what you vow'd.

Alman.

Alman. Were I to dye that hour when I poſſeſs;
This minute ſhould begin my happineſs.
Alma. The thoughts of Death your paſſion would remove:
Death is a cold encouragement to Love!
Alman. No; from my joyes, I to my death would run;
And think the buſineſs of my life well done.
But I ſhould walk a diſcontented Ghoſt,
If fleſh and blood were to no purpoſe loſt.
Alma. You love me not, *Almanzor*; if you did,
You would not ask what Honour muſt forbid.
Alman. And what is Honour, but a Love well hid?
Alma. Yes; 'tis the Conſcience of an Act well done:
Which gives us pow'r our own deſires to ſhun.
The ſtrong, and ſecret curb of headlong Will;
The ſelf reward of Good; and ſhame of Ill.
Alman. Theſe, Madam, are the Maximes of the day;
When Honour's preſent, and when Love's away.
The duty of poor Honour were too hard,
In Arms all day, at night to mount the Guard.
Let him in pity now to Reſt retire;
Let theſe ſoft hours be watch'd by warm deſire.
Alma. Guards, who all day on painful duty keep,
In dangers are not priviledg'd to ſleep.
Alman. And with what dangers are you threaten'd here?
Am I, alas, a foe for you to fear?
See, Madam, at your feet this Enemy: [*kneels.*
Without your Pity, and your Love I dye.
Alma. Riſe, riſe: and do not empty hopes purſue:
Yet think, that I deny my ſelf, not you.
Alman. A happineſs ſo nigh, I cannot bear:
My Love's too fierce, and you too killing fair.
I grow enrag'd to ſee ſuch Excellence:
If words ſo much diſorder'd, give offence,
My Love's too full of zeal to think of ſence.
Be you like me; dull Reaſon hence remove;
And tedious forms; and give a looſe to Love.
Love eagerly; let us be gods to night;
And do not, with half-yielding, daſh delight.
Alma. Thou ſtrong ſeducer, Opportunity!
Of Womankind, half are undone by thee!
Though I reſolve, I will not be miſled,
I wiſh I had not heard what you have ſed!

I cannot be ſo wicked to comply;
And, yet, am moſt unhappy to deny!
Away:
Alman.——I will not move me from this place:
I can take no denyal from that face!
Alma. If I could yield; (but think not that I will:)
You and my ſelf I in revenge ſhould kill.
For I ſhould hate us both, when it were done:
And would not to the ſhame of life be won.
Alman. Live but to night; and truſt to morrows mind:
'Ere that can come, there's a whole Life behind.
Methinks already crown'd with joys, I lye;
Speechleſs and breathleſs in an Extaſie.
Not abſent in one thought: I am all there:
Still cloſe; yet wiſhing ſtill to be more near.
Alma. Deny your own deſires: for it will be
Too little now to be deny'd by me.
Will he who does all great, all noble ſeem,
Be loſt and forfeit to his own eſteem?
Will he, who may with Heroes claim a place,
Belye that Fame, and to himſelf be baſe?
Think how Auguſt and god-like you did look,
When my defence unbrib'd you undertook.
But, when an Act ſo brave you diſavow,
How little, and how mercenary now!
Alman. Are, then, my Services no higher priz'd?
And can I fall ſo low to be deſpis'd?
Alma. Yes; for whatever may be bought, is low;
And you your ſelf, who ſell your ſelf, are ſo.
Remember the great act you did this day:
How did your Love to Vertue then give way?
When you gave freedom to my Captive Lord;
That Rival who poſſeſs'd what you ador'd.
Of ſuch a deed what price can there be made?
Think well: Is that an action to be paid?
It was a miracle of Vertue ſhown:
And wonders are with wonder paid alone.
And would you all that ſecret joy of mind,
Which great Souls only in great actions find,
All that, for one tumultuous Minute loſe?
Alman. I wou'd that Minute before ages chooſe.

Praiſe

Praiſe is the pay of Heav'n for doing good;
But Love's the beſt return for fleſh and blood.
Alma. You've mov'd my heart ſo much, I can deny
No more; but know, *Almanzor*, I can dye.
Thus far, my Vertue yields; if I have ſhown
More Love than what I ought, let this attone.

[*Going to ſtab her ſelf.*

Alman. Hold, hold!
Such fatal proofs of Love you ſhall not give:
Deny me; hate me; (both are juſt) but live!
Your Vertue I will ne'r diſturb again:
Nor dare to ask, for fear I ſhould obtain.
Alma. 'Tis gen'rous to have conquer'd your deſire;
You mount above your wiſh; and loſe it higher.
There's pride in Vertue; and a kindly heat:
Not feavoriſh, like your Love; but full as great.
Farewell; and may our Loves hereafter be,
But Image-like, to heighten Piety.
Alman. 'Tis time I ſhould be gone:
Alas I am but half converted yet!
All I reſolve, I with one look forget.
And, like a Lyon whom no Arts can tame;
Shall tear ev'n thoſe who would my rage reclaim.

Exeunt ſeverally.

Zulema *and* Hamet *watch* Almanzor: *and when he is gone, go in after the Queen.*

Enter Abdelmelech *and* Lyndaraxa.

Lynd. It is enough; you've brought me to this place:
Here ſtop: and urge no further my diſgrace.
Kill me: in death your mercy will be ſeen,
But make me not a Captive to the Queen.
Abdel. 'Tis therefore I this puniſhment provide:
This only can revenge me on your Pride.
Prepare to ſuffer what you ſhun in vain:
And know, you now are to Obey, not Raign.

Enter Almahide; *ſhrieking: her Hair looſe, ſhe runs over the Stage.*

Alma. Help; help: oh Heav'n, ſome help.

Enter

Enter Zulema *and* Hamet.

Zul. Make haſte before,
And intercept her paſſage to the door.
Abdel. Villains, what act are you attempting here!
Alma. I thank thee, Heav'n; ſome ſuccor does appear.
As Abdelmelech *is going to help the Queen:* Lyndaraxa *pulls out his Sword, and holds it.*
Abdel. With what ill fate my good deſign is curſt!
Zul. We have no time to think: diſpatch him firſt.
Abdel. Oh for a Sword!
They make at Abdelmelech: *he goes off at one door, while the Queen eſcapes at the other.*
Zul. Ruin'd!
Hamet.——Undone!
Lynd.——And which is worſt of all,
He is eſcap'd:
Zul.——I hear 'em loudly call.
Lynd. Your fear will loſe you: call as loud as they.
I have not time to teach you what to ſay:
The Court will in a moment all be here.
But ſecond what I ſay, and do not fear.
Call help; run that way; leave the reſt to me.
Zulema *and* Hamet *retire, and within cry help.*

Enter at ſeveral doors, the King, Abenamar, Selin, Ozmyn, Almanzor, *with Guards attending.*

Boab. What can the cauſe of all this tumult be?
And what the meaning of that naked Sword?
Lynd. I'le tell, when fear will ſo much breath afford.
The Queen and *Abdelmelech*——'Twill not out——
Ev'n I, who ſaw it, of the truth yet doubt,
It ſeems ſo ſtrange.
Alman.——Did ſhe not name the Queen!
Haſte, ſpeak:
Lynd.——How dare I ſpeak what I have ſeen!
With *Hamet*, and with *Zulema*, I went
To pay both theirs, and my acknowledgment
To *Almahide*; and by her pow'r implore
Your Clemency, our Fortunes to reſtore.

We choſe this hour, which we believ'd moſt free,
When ſhe retir'd from noiſe and company.
The Antichamber paſt, we gently knockt,
(Unheard it ſeems) but found the Lodgings lockt.
In dutious ſilence while we waited there,
We firſt a noiſe, and then long whiſpers hear:
Yet thought it was the Queen at Pray'rs alone,
Till ſhe diſtinctly ſaid,—If this were known,
My Love, what ſhame, what danger would enſue!
Yet I (and ſigh'd) could venture more for you!
Boab. O Heav'n, what do I hear, (*Alman.*) Let her go on.
Lynd. And how, (then murmur'd in a bigger tone,
Another voice) and how ſhould it be known?
This hour is from your Court Attendants free:
The King ſuſpects *Almanzor*; but not me.
[Zulema *at the door.*
I find her drift: *Hamet* be Confident:
Second her words; and fear not the event.

Zulema *and* Hamet *Enter.* *The King Embraces them.*

Boab. Welcome, my only Friends; behold in me,
O Kings, behold th' effects of Clemency!
See here the gratitude of pardon'd foes!
That life I gave 'em, they for me expoſe.
Hamet. Though *Abdelmelech* was our friend before,
When Duty call'd us, he was ſo no more.
Alman. Damn your delay, you Torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word, but *Almahide.*
Boab. When you, within, the Traytors voice did hear,
What did you then?
Zul.——————I durſt not truſt my Ear:
But, peeping through the Key-hole, I eſpy'd
The Queen; and *Abdelmelech* by her ſide:
She on the Couch, he on her boſom lay,
Her Hand, about his Neck, his Head did ſtay,
And from his Forehead wip'd the drops away.
Boab. Go on, go on my friends, to clear my doubt;
I hope I ſhall have life to hear you out.
Zul. What had been, Sir, you may ſuſpect too well:
What follow'd, Modeſty forbids to tell:

Seeing

Seeing what we had thought beyond belief,
Our heart's ſo ſwell'd with anger and with grief,
That, by plain force, we ſtrove the door to break:
He fearful, and with guilt, or Love, grown weak,
Juſt as we enter'd, ſcap'd the other way:
Nor did th' amazed Queen behind him ſtay.
Lynd. His Sword, in ſo much haſte, he could not mind:
But left this witneſs of his Crime behind.
Boab. O proud, ingrateful, faithleſs Woman kind!
How chang'd, and what a Monſter am I made!
My Love, my Honour ruin'd and betray'd!
Alman. Your Love and Honour! mine are ruin'd worſe:
Furies and Hell what right have you to curſe?
Dull Husband as you are,——
What can your Love, or what your Honour be!
I am her Lover, and ſhe's falſe to me.
Boab. Go, when the Authors of my ſhame are found,
Let 'em be taken inſtantly, and bound:
They ſhall be puniſh'd as our Laws require:
'Tis juſt, that Flames ſhould be condemn'd to Fire.
This, with the dawn of morning ſhall be done.
Aben. You haſte too much her Execution.
Her Condemnation ought to be deferr'd:
With juſtice, none can be condemn'd unheard.
Boab. A formal Proceſs tedious is, and long:
Beſides, the evidence is full and ſtrong.
Lynd. The Law demands two witneſſes; and ſhe
Is caſt (for which Heav'n knows I grieve) by three.
Ozm. Hold, Sir; ſince you ſo far inſiſt on Law;
We can from thence one juſt advantage draw:
That Law which dooms Adultreſſes to dye,
Gives Champions, too, to ſlander'd Chaſtity.
Alman. And how dare you, who from my Bounty live,
Intrench upon my Loves Prerogative?
Your courage in your own concernments try;
Brothers are things remote while I am by.
Ozm. I knew not you thus far her cauſe would own;
And muſt not ſuffer you to fight alone:
Let two to two in equal combat joyn;
You vindicate her Perſon, I her Line.
Lynd. Of all Mankind *Almanzor* has leaſt right
In her defence, who wrong'd his Love, to fight.

Alman. 'Tis false, she is not ill, nor can she be;
She must be Chaste, because she's lov'd by me.
Zul. Dare you, what Sense and Reason prove, deny?
Alman. When she's in question, Sense and Reason lye.
Zul. For Truth, and for my injur'd Soveraign,
What I have said, I will to death maintain.
Ozm. So foul a falshood who e're justifies,
Is basely born; and like a Villain lyes.
In witness of that Truth, be this my Gage.

[*Takes a Ring from his finger.*

Hamet. I take it; and despise a Traytors Rage.
Boab. The Combat's yours; a Guard the Lists surround;
Then raise a Scaffold in th' incompast ground:
And, by it, piles of Wood; in whose just fire,
Her Champion slain, the Adultress shall expire.
Aben. We ask no favour, but what Arms will yield.
Boab. Choose then two equal Judges of the Field:
Next morning shall decide the doubtful strife;
Condemn th' unchaste, or quit the vertuous Wife.
Alman. But I am both ways curst—
For *Almahide* must dye, if I am slain;
Or, for my Rival, I the Conquest gain.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

Almanzor *Solus.*

I Have out-fac'd my self, and justify'd
What I knew false to all the World beside.
She was as faithless as her Sex could be:
And now I am alone, she's so to me.
She's faln! and now where shall we Vertue find?
She was the last that stood of Woman-kind.
Could she so holily my flames remove;
And fall that hour to *Abdelmelech*'s Love?
Yet her protection I must undertake;
Not now for Love; but for my Honours sake.
That mov'd me first, and must oblige me still,
My cause is good, however hers be ill.

Ple

I'le leave her when she's freed; and let it be
Her punishment, she could be false to me.

To him, Abdelmelech *guarded.*

Abdel. Heav'n is not Heav'n; nor are there Deities.
There is some new rebellion in the Skyes.
All that was Good and Holy is dethron'd,
And Lust, and Rapine are for Justice own'd.

Alman. 'Tis true; what Justice in that Heav'n can be,
Which thus affronts me with the sight of thee!
Why must I be from just Revenge debarr'd!
Chains are thy Arms, and Prisons are thy Guard.
The death thou dy'st may to a Husband be
A satisfaction; but 'tis none to me.
My Love would Justice to it self afford;
But now thou creep'st to Death, below my Sword.

Abdel. This threat'ning would show better, were I free.

Alman. No; wer't thou freed, I would not threaten thee.
This Arm should then.—But now it is too late!——
I could redeem thee to a nobler Fate.
As some huge Rock,
Rent from its Quarry, does the Waves divide,
So I,——
Wou'd fall upon thy Guards, and dash 'em wide:
Then, to my rage left naked and alone,
Thy too much freedom thou shouldst soon bemoan:
Dar'd like a Lark, that on the open Plain,
Pursu'd and cuff'd, seeks shelter now in vain:
So on the ground wou'dst thou expecting lye,
Not daring to afford me victory.
But yet thy Fate's not ripe, it is decreed
Before thou dy'st, that *Almahide* be freed.
My Honour first her danger shall remove,
And then, revenge on thee my injur'd Love. *Exeunt severally.*

The Scene changes to the Vivarambla; *and appears fill'd with Spectators: A Scaffold hung with black, &c.*

Enter the Queen, guarded, with Esperanza.

Alma. See how the gazing people crowd the place:
All gaping to be fill'd with my disgrace.

[*A shout within.*

That

That ſhout, like the hoarſe peal of Vultures, Rings,
When, over fighting fields, they beat their Wings.
Let never Woman truſt in Innocence;
Or think her Chaſtity its own defence.
Mine has betray'd me to this publick ſhame:
And Vertue, which I ſerv'd, is but a name.

Eſpe. Leave then that ſhadow, and for ſuccor fly
To him we ſerve, the Chriſtians Deity.
Vertue's no god, nor has ſhe power divine:
But he protects it who did firſt enjoyn.
Truſt, then, in him, and from his Grace implore
Faith to believe what rightly we adore.

Alma. Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd, forgive:
My infancy was taught what I believe.
But if thy Chriſtians truly worſhip thee,
Let me thyGodhead in thy ſuccor ſee:
So ſhall thy Juſtice in my ſafety ſhine,
And all my days, whichthou ſhalt add, be thine.

Enter the King, Abenamar, Lyndaraxa, Benzayda: *then* Abdelmelech *guarded.* *And after him,* Selin, *and* Alabez, *as Judges of the field.*

Boab. You Judges of the field, firſt take your place:
Th' accuſers and accus'd bring face to face.
Set Guards, and let the Liſts be open'd wide,
And may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt the juſter ſide.

Alma. What! not one tender look? one paſſing word?
Farewel, my much unkind, but ſtill lov'd Lord!
Your Throne was for my humble Fate too high;
And therefore Heav'n thinks fit that I ſhould dye.
My ſtory be forgot when I am dead;
Leaſt it ſhould fright ſome other from your bed:
And, to forget me, may you ſoon adore
Some happier Maid (yet none could love you more.)
But may you never think me innocent;
Leſt it ſhould cauſe you trouble to repent.

Boab. 'Tis pity ſo much Beauty ſhould not live; [*aſide.*
Yet, I too much am injur'd to forgive. [*goes to his ſeat.*

Trum-

Trumpets: Then enter two Moors bearing two naked Swords before the Accusers Zulema *and* Hamet, *who follow them. The Judges seat themselves: the Queen, and* Abdelmelech *are led to the Scaffold.*

Alabez. Say for what end you thus in Arms appear:
What are your names, and what demand you here?
Zul. The *Zegry's* ancient Race our Lineage claims;
And *Zulema* and *Hamet* are our names.
Like Loyal Subjects in these Lists we stand,
And Justice in our Kings behalf demand.
Hamet. For whom, in witness of what both have seen,
Bound by our Duty, we appeach the Queen
And *Abdelmelech* of Adultery.
Zul. Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or dye.
Alabez. Swear on the *Alcoran* your cause is right;
And *Mahomet* so prosper you in fight.

They touch their Foreheads with the Alcoran, *and bow.*

Trumpets on the other side of the Stage: two Moors as before, with bare Swords before Almanzor *and* Ozmyn.

Selin. Say for what end you thus in Arms appear:
What are your names, and what demand you here?
Alman. *Ozmyn* is his, *Almanzor* is my name;
We come as Champions of the Queens fair Fame.
Ozm. To prove these *Zegrys*, like false Traytors, lye;
Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or dye.
Selin *to* Almahide.
Madam, do you for Champions take these two;
By their success to live or dye?
Alma.——————I do.
Selin. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cause is right;
And *Mahomet* so prosper you in fight.

[*They kiss the* Alcoran.

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda *embrace, and take leave in dumb show: while* Lyndaraxa *speaks to her Brothers.*

Lynd. If you o'recome, let neither of 'em live:
But use with care th' advantages I give.
One of their Swords in fight shall useless be;
The bearer of it is suborn'd by me.

[*She and* Benzayda *retire.*

Alabez. Now, Principals and Seconds, all advance;
And each of you assist his fellows chance. *Selin.*

Selin. The Wind and Sun we equally divide;
So let th' event of Arms the Truth decide.
The chances of the fight, and every wound,
The Trumpets on the Victors part resound.

The Trumpets sound; Almanzor *and* Zulema *meet and fight*: Ozmyn *and* Hamet: *after some passes, the Sword of* Ozmyn *breaks; he retires defending himself, and is wounded: the* Zegry's *Trumpets sound their advantage*: Almanzor *in the mean time drives* Zulema *to the farther end of the Stage; till, hearing the Trumpets of the adverse party, looks back and sees* Ozmyn's *misfortune: he makes at* Zulema *just as* Ozmyn *falls in retiring, and* Hamet *is thrusting at him.*

Hamet *to* Ozmyn *thrusting.*

Our difference now shall soon determin'd be:

Alman. Hold, Traytor, and defend thy self from me.

Hamet *leaves* Ozmyn (*who cannot rise,*) *and both he and* Zulema *fall on* Almanzor, *and press him: he retires, and* Hamet *advancing first, is run through the body, and falls. The Queens Trumpets sound.* Almanzor *pursues* Zulema.

Lynd. I must make haste some remedy to find:——
Treason, *Almanzor*, Treason; look behind.

Almanzor *looks behind him to see who calls; and* Zulema *takes the advantage and wounds him; the* Zegry's *Trumpets sound*: Almanzor *turns upon* Zulema *and wounds him: he falls. The Queens Trumpets sound.*

Alman. Now triumph in thy Sisters Treachery. [*Stabbing him.*

Zul. Hold, hold; I have enough to make me dye:
But, that I may in peace resign my breath,
I must confess my crime before my death.
Mine is the guilt; the Queen is innocent;
I lov'd her; and, to compass my intent,
Us'd force, which *Abdelmelech* did prevent.
The Lye my Sister forg'd: but, oh! my fate
Comes on too soon, and I repent too late.
Fair Queen, forgive; and let my penitence
Expiate some part of.—— [*dyes.*

[Almanzor *to the Judges.*

If ought remains in the Sultana's cause,
I here am ready to fulfil the Laws.

Selin. The Law is fully satisfy'd; and we
Pronounce the Queen and *Abdelmelech* free.

Abdelm. Heav'n thou art just!

The

The Judges riſe from their Seats, and go before Almanzor *to the Queens Scaffold: he unbinds the Queen and* Abdelmelech; *they all go off; the people ſhouting, and the Trumpets ſounding the while.*

Boab. Before we pay our thanks, or ſhow our joy;
Let us our needful Charity employ.
Some skilful Surgeon ſpeedily be found,
T' apply fit Remedies to *Ozmyn*'s wound.
[Benzayda *running to* Ozmyn.
That be my charge; my Linnen I will tear:
Waſh it with Tears, and bind it with my Hair.
Ozm. With how much pleaſure I my pains endure!
And bleſs the wound which cauſes ſuch a cure.

Exit Ozmyn, *led by* Benzayda *and* Abenamar.

Boab. Some from the place of Combat bear the ſlain;
Next *Lyndaraxa*'s death I ſhould ordain:
But let her who this miſchief did contrive,
For ever Baniſh'd from *Granada* live.
Lynd. Thou ſhould'ſt have puniſh'd more, or not at all;
By her thou haſt not ruin'd, thou ſhalt fall. [*aſide.*
The *Zegry*'s ſhall revenge their branded Line:
Betray their Gate, and with the Chriſtians joyn.

Exit Lynd. *with* Alabez; *the Bodies of her Brothers are borne after her.*

Almanzor, Almahide, Eſperanza *re-enter to the King.*

Alma. The thanks thus paid, which firſt to Heav'n were due,
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you:
Somewhat there is of more concernment too,
Which 'tis not fit you ſhould in publick know.
Firſt let your wounds be dreſs'd with ſpeedy care;
And then you ſhall th' important Secret ſhare.
Alman. When e're you ſpeak,
Were my wounds mortal, they ſhould ſtill bleed on;
And I would liſten till my Life were gone:
My Soul ſhould ev'n for your laſt accent ſtay;
And then ſhoot out, and with ſuch ſpeed obey,
It ſhou'd not bait at Heav'n to ſtop its way.

Exit Almanzor.

Boab. 'Tis true, *Almanzor* did her Honour ſave; [*aſide.*
But yet what private buſineſs can they have:
Such freedom Vertue will not ſure allow;
I cannot clear my Heart; but muſt my brow.
[*He approaches* Almahide.
Welcome again my Vertuous, Loyal Wife;
Welcome to Love, to Honour, and to Life.———
[*Goes to ſalute her, ſhe ſtarts back.*
You ſeem———
As if you from a loath'd embrace did goe!
Alma. Then briefly I will ſpeak, (ſince you muſt know
What to the World my future Acts will ſhow:)
But, hear me firſt, and then my reaſons weigh:
'Tis known how Duty led me to obey
My Fathers choice; and how I ſince did live,
You, Sir, can beſt your teſtimony give.
How to your aid I have *Almanzor* brought,
When by rebellious crowds your life was ſought;
Then, how I bore your cauſeleſs Jealouſie,
(For I muſt ſpeak;) and after ſet you free,
When you were Priſ'ner by the chance of War;
Theſe ſure are proofs of Love.———
Boab.———I grant they are.
Alma. And cou'd you, then, O cruelly unkind,
So ill reward ſuch tenderneſs of mind!
Could you, denying what our Laws afford
The meaneſt Subject, on a Traytors word,
Unheard condemn, and ſuffer me to go
To death, and yet no common pity ſhow!
Boab. Love fill'd my heart even to the brim before:
And then with too much jealouſie boyl'd o're.
Alma. Be't Love or Jealouſie, 'tis ſuch a crime,
That I'me forewarn'd to truſt a ſecond time.
Know then, my Pray'rs to Heav'n ſhall never ceaſe
To crown your Arms in War; your Wars with Peace:
But from this day I will not know your Bed.
Though *Almahide* ſtill lives, your Wife is dead:
And, with her, dyes a Love ſo pure and true,
It could be kill'd by nothing but by you.
[*Exit* Almahide.
Boab. Yes, you will ſpend your Life in Pray'rs for me;
And yet this hour my hated Rival ſee.

She

She might a Husbands Jealouſie forgive;
But ſhe will only for *Almanzor* live.
It is reſolv'd, I will my ſelf, provide
That vengeance which my uſeleſs Laws deny'd:
And, by *Almanzor*'s death, at once remove
The Rival of my Empire, and my Love.

Exit Boabdelin.

Enter Almahide, *led by* Almanzor; *and follow'd by* Eſperanza; *ſhe ſpeaks entring.*

Alma. How much *Almanzor* to your aid I owe,
Unable to repay, I bluſh to know;
Yet, forc'd by need, e're I can clear that ſcore,
I, like ill-debtors, come to borrow more.

Alman. Your new Commands I on my knees attend:
I was created for no other end.
Born to be yours, I do by Nature ſerve,
And, like the lab'ring Beaſt, no thanks deſerve.

Alma. Yet firſt your Vertue to your ſuccor call;
For in this hard Command, you'll need it all.

Alman. I ſtand prepar'd; and whatſoe're it be,
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.

Alma. Then know; I from your Love muſt yet implore
One proof:——That you would never ſee me more.

Almanzor *ſtarting back.*

I muſt confeſs,
For this laſt ſtroke I did no Guard provide;
I could ſuſpect no Foe was near that ſide:
From Winds and thickning Clouds we Thunder fear:
None dread it from that quarter which is clear.
And I would fain believe, 'tis but your Art
To ſhew you knew where you could wound my Heart.

Alma. So much reſpect is to your paſſion due,
That ſure I could not practice Arts on you.
But, that you may not doubt what I have ſed,
This hour I have renounc'd my Husband's Bed:
Judge then how much my Fame would injur'd be,
If, leaving him, I ſhou'd a Lover ſee!

Alman. If his unkindneſs have deſerv'd that curſe,
Muſt I for loving well be puniſh'd worſe?

Alma. Neither your Love nor Merits I compare;
But my unſpotted Name muſt be my care.
Alman. I have this day eſtabliſh'd its renown.
Alma. Would you ſo ſoon what you have rais'd throw down.
Alman. But, Madam, is not yours a greater guilt,
To ruine him who has that Fabrick built?
Alma. No Lover ſhould his Miſtreſs Pray'rs withſtand:
Yet you contemn my abſolute Command.
Alman. 'Tis not contempt,
When your Command is ſlu'd out too late:
'Tis paſt my pow'r; and all beyond is fate.
I ſcarce could leave you when to Exile ſent,
Much leſs when now recall'd from baniſhment:
For if that heat your glances caſt, were ſtrong;
Your Eyes, like Glaſſes, Fire, when held ſo long.
Alma. Then, ſince you needs will all my weakneſs know,
I love you; and ſo well, that you muſt go:
I am ſo much oblig'd; and have withall,
A Heart ſo boundleſs, and ſo prodigal,
I dare not truſt my ſelf or you, to day,
But like frank Gameſters, muſt forſwear the Play.
Alman. Fate, thou art kind to ſtrike ſo hard a blow;
I am quite ſtun'd; and paſt all feeling now.
Yet—can you tell me you have Pow'r and Will
To ſave my life, and at that inſtant, kill!
Alma. This, had you ſtay'd, you never muſt have known:
But now you go, I may with Honour own.
Alman. But, Madam, I am forc'd to diſobey:
In your defence, my Honour bids me ſtay.
I promis'd to ſecure your Life and Throne;
And, Heav'n be thank'd, that work is yet undone.
Alma. I here make void that promiſe which you made:
For now I have no farther need of aid.
That vow which to my plighted Lord was giv'n,
I muſt not break; but may tranſfer to Heav'n:
I will with Veſtals live:
There needs no Guard at a Religious door;
Few will diſturb the Praying, and the Poor.
Alman. Let me but near that happy Temple ſtay,
And, through the grates, peep on you once a day.
To famiſh'd hope I would no Banquet give:
I cannot ſtarve, and wiſh but juſt to live.

Thus,

Thus, as a drowning Man
Sinks often, and does ſtill more faintly riſe:
With his laſt hold catching what e're he ſpies;
So, faln from thoſe proud hopes I had before,
Your aid I for a dying wretch implore.

Alma. I cannot your hard deſtiny withſtand;

[Boabdelin *and Guards above.*

But ſlip like bending Ruſhes from your Hand:
Sink all at once, ſince you muſt ſink at laſt.

Alman. Can you that laſt relief of ſight remove,
And thruſt me out the utmoſt line of Love?
Then, ſince my hopes of happineſs are gone,
Deny'd all favours, I will ſeize this one.

[*Catches her hand, and kiſſes it.*

Boab. My juſt revenge no longer I'le forbear;
I've ſeen too much; I need not ſtay to hear. [*deſcends.*

Alman. As a ſmall Show'r
To the parch'd Earth does ſome refreſhment give,
So, in the ſtrength of this, one day I'le live:
A Day:——a Year——an Age——for Ever now;

{ *Betwixt each word he kiſſes her hand by force; ſhe ſtrugling.*

I feel from every touch a new Soul flow.

[*She ſnatches her hand away.*

My hop'd Eternity of joy is paſt!
'Twas inſupportable, and could not laſt.
Were Heav'n not made of leſs, or duller joy,
'Twould break each Minute, and it ſelf deſtroy.

Enter King and Guards below.

K. *Boab.* This, this is he for whom thou didſt deny
To ſhare my Bed:——Let 'em together dye.

Alma. Hear me, my Lord.——

Boab. ——Your flatt'ring Arts are vain:
Make haſte; and execute what I ordain. [*To Guards.*

Alman. Cut piece-meal in this cauſe,
From every wound I ſhou'd new vigor take:
And every Limb ſhould new *Almanzors* make.

{ *He puts himſelf before the Queen; the Guards Attack him; with the King.*

Enter

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelmelech *to the King.*

What angry God, to exerciſe his ſpight,
Has arm'd your left hand to cut off your right!
The King turns, and the fight ceaſes.
Haſte, not to give, but to prevent a Fate:
The Foes are enter'd at th' *Elvira Gate:*
Falſe *Lyndaraxa* has the Town betray'd,
And all the *Zegrys* give the *Spaniards* aid.

Boab. O miſchief not ſuſpected nor foreſeen!

Abdel. Already they have gain'd the *Zacatin,*
And, thence the *Vivarambla* place poſſeſt:
While our faint Soldiers ſcarce defend the reſt.
The Duke of *Arcos* does one ſquadron head;
The next by *Ferdinand* himſelf is led.

Alma. Now brave *Almanzor* be a god again;
Above our Crimes, and your own Paſſions Reign:
My Lord has been by jealouſie miſled,
To think I was not faithful to his Bed.
I can forgive him though my death he ſought;
For too much Love can never be a fault.
Protect him, then; and what to his defence
You give not, give to clear my Innocence.

Alman. Liſten ſweet Heav'n, and all ye bleſt above
Take rules of Vertue from a Mortal love.
You've rais'd my Soul; and if it mount more high,
'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.
Yes, I once more will my revenge neglect:
And whom you can forgive, I can protect.

Boab. How hard a fate is mine, ſtill doom'd to ſhame:
I make occaſions for my Rivals Fame!
Exeunt.
An allarm within.

Enter Ferdinand, Yſabel, *Don* Alonzo d'Aguilar;
Spaniards and Ladies.

Ferd. Already more than half the Town is gain'd:
But there is yet a doubtful fight maintain'd;

Alonz. The fierce young King the enter'd does Attack,
And the more fierce *Almanzor* drives 'em back.

Ferd.

Ferd. The valiant *Moors*, like raging Lions, fight;
Each youth encourag'd by his Ladies ſight.
Qu. *Yſab.* I will advance with ſuch a ſhining train,
That Mooriſh Beauties ſhall oppoſe in vain:
Into the preſs of claſhing Swords we'll go;
And where the Darts fly thickeſt, ſeek the Foe.
K. *Ferd.* May Heav'n, which has inſpir'd this gen'rous thought,
Avert thoſe dangers you have boldly ſought.
Call up more Troops; the Women, to our ſhame,
Will raviſh from the Men their part of Fame.

Exeunt Yſabella *and Ladies.*

Enter Alabez: *and kiſſes the Kings hand.*

Alabez. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and the *Zegry* line
Have led their Forces with your Troops to joyn:
The adverſe part which obſtinately fought,
Are broke; and *Abdelmelech* Priſ'ner brought.
K. *Ferd.* Fair *Lyndaraxa* and her friends ſhall find
Th' effects of an oblig'd and grateful mind.
Alabez. But, marching by the *Vivarambla* place,
The combat carry'd a more doubtful face;
In that vaſt ſquare the *Moors* and *Spaniards* met;
Where the fierce conflict is continued yet.
But with advantage on the adverſe ſide,
Whom fierce *Almanzor* does to Conqueſt guide.
K. *Ferd.* With my *Caſtilian* Foot I'le meet his rage;
[*Is going out, ſhouts within are heard.*
Victoria, victoria.
But theſe loud clamors better news preſage.

Enter the Duke of Arcos, *and Soldiers; their Swords drawn and bloody.*

D. of *Arc.* *Granada* now is yours; and there remain
No *Moors*, but ſuch as own the pow'r of *Spain*.
That Squadron which their King in Perſon led,
We charg'd; but found *Almanzor* in their head.
Three ſeveral times we did the *Moors* attack,
And thrice with ſlaughter did he drive us back.
Our Troops then ſhrunk; and ſtill we loſt more ground;
Till from our Queen we needful ſuccor found.

Her

Her Guards to our aſſiſtance bravely flew,
And, with freſh vigor, did the fight renew.
At the ſame time——
Did *Lynderaxa* with her Troops appear,
And while we charg'd the Front, ingag'd the Rear.
Then fell the King, (ſlain by a *Zegry*'s hand:)
K. *Ferd.* How could he ſuch united force withſtand!
D. of *Arc.* Diſcourag'd with his death, the *Mooriſh* pow'rs
Fell back; and, falling back, were preſs'd by ours.
But, as when Winds and Rain together croud,
They ſwell till they have burſt the bladder'd Cloud:
And firſt the lightning, flaſhing deadly clear,
Flyes, falls, conſumes, e're ſcarce it does appear:
So, from his ſhrinking Troops, *Almanzor* flew;
Each blow gave wounds, and with each wound he ſlew.
His force at once I envy'd and admir'd;
And, ruſhing forward, where my Men retir'd,
Advanc'd alone.
K. *Ferd.*——You hazarded too far
Your perſon, and the fortune of the War.
D. of *Arc.* Already both our Arms for fight did bare,
Already held 'em threatning in the Air:
When Heav'n (it muſt be Heav'n) my ſight did guide,
To view his Arm, upon whoſe Wriſt I ſpy'd
A Rubby-Croſs in Diamond Bracelets ty'd.
And juſt above it, in the brawnier part,
By Nature was engrav'd a bloody Heart.
Struck with theſe tokens, which ſo well I knew,
And ſtagg'ring back, ſome paces I withdrew;
He follow'd; and ſuppos'd it was my fear:
When, from above, a ſhrill voice reach'd his Ear:
Strike not thy Father, it was heard to cry;
Amaz'd; and caſting round his wond'ring eye,
He ſtop'd: then, thinking that his fears were vain,
He lifted up his thundring Arm again:
Again the voice withheld him from my death;
Spare, ſpare his life, it cry'd, *who gave thee breath.*
Once more he ſtop'd: then threw his Sword away;
Bleſt ſhade, he ſaid, I hear thee, I obey
Thy ſacred voice: then, in the ſight of all,
He at my Feet, I on his Neck did fall.
Ferd. O bleſt Event!——

Arcos. ——————The *Moors* no longer fought;
But all their ſafety by ſubmiſſion ſought:
Mean time, my Son grew faint with loſs of blood:
And, on his bending Sword ſupported, ſtood;
Yet, with a voice beyond his ſtrength, he cry'd,
Lead me to live, or dye, by *Almahide.*
K. *Ferd.* I am not for his wounds leſs griev'd than you.
For if, what now my Soul divines, prove true,
This is that Son whom in his Infancy
You loſt, when by my Father forc'd to fly.
D. *Arcos.* His Siſters Beauty did my paſſion move,
(The crime for which I ſuffer'd was my Love.)
Our Marriage known, to Sea we took our flight,
There, in a ſtorm, *Almanzor* firſt ſaw light.
On his right Arm a bloody Heart was grav'd,
(The mark by which this day my life was ſav'd.)
The Bracelets and the Croſs his Mother ty'd
About his Wriſt, e're ſhe in Childbed dy'd.
How we were Captives made, when ſhe was dead;
And how *Almanzor* was in *Afrique* bred;
Some other hour you may at leiſure hear,
For ſee, the Queen in Triumph does appear.

Enter Qu. Yſabel: Lyndaraxa: *Ladies, Moors, and Spaniards mix'd as Guards.* Abdelmelech, Abenamar, Selin, *Priſ'ners.*

K. Ferdinand *embracing* Qu. Yſabel.
All ſtories which *Granada*'s Conqueſt tell,
Shall celebrate the name of *Yſabel.*
Your Ladies too, who in their Countreys cauſe
Led on the men, ſhall ſhare in your applauſe:
And for your ſakes, henceforward, I ordain,
No Ladies Dow'r ſhall queſtion'd be in *Spain.*
Fair *Lyndaraxa* for the help ſhe lent,
Shall, under Tribute, have this Government.
Abdel. O Heav'n, that I ſhould live to ſee this day!
Lynd. You murmure now, but you ſhall ſoon obey.
I knew this Empire to my Fate was ow'd:
Heav'n held it back as long as e're it cou'd.
For thee, baſe wretch, I want a torture yet— [*To* Abdel.
—I'le Cage thee, thou ſhalt be my *Bajazet.*

I on no pavement but on thee will tread;
And, when I mount, my foot ſhall know thy Head.
Abdel. *ſtabbing her with a Ponyard.*
This firſt ſhall know thy heart.
Lynd.——————Oh! I am ſlain!
Abdel. Now, boaſt thy Countrey is betraid to *Spain.*
K. *Ferd.* Look to the Lady.——Seize the Murderer.
Abdel. *ſtabbing himſelf.*
I'le do my ſelf that juſtice I did her.
Thy blood I to thy ruin'd Countrey give; [*To* Lynd.
But love too well thy murther to out-live.
Forgive a Love excus'd by its exceſs,
Which, had it not been cruel, had been leſs.
Condemn my Paſſion then, but pardon me;
And think I murder'd him who murder'd thee. [*dies.*
Lynd. Dye for us both; I have not leiſure now;
A Crown is come; and will not Fate allow:
And yet I feel ſomething like death is near:
My Guards, my Guards;——————
Let not that ugly Skeleton appear.
Sure deſtiny miſtakes; this death's not mine;
She dotes; and meant to cut another line.
Tell her I am a Queen;——but 'tis too late;
Dying, I charge Rebellion on my fate:
Bow down ye ſlaves—— [*To the* Moors.
Bow quickly down, and your ſubmiſſion ſhow. [*They bow.*
I'm pleas'd to taſte an Empire e're I goe. [*dies.*
Selin. She's dead, and here her proud Ambition ends.
Aben. Such fortune ſtill ſuch black deſigns attends.
Ferd. Remove thoſe mournful Objects from our eyes;
And ſee perform'd their fun'ral Obſequies.
[*The Bodies carried off.*

Enter Almanzor *and* Almahide, Ozmyn *and* Benzayda. Almahide *brought in a chair*: Almanzor *led betwixt Soldiers*; Yſabel *ſalutes* Almahide *in dumb ſhow.*

Duke of Arcos *preſenting* Almanzor *to the King.*

See here that Son whom I with pride call mine;
And who diſhonours not your Royal Line.

K. *Ferd.*

K. *Ferd.* I'm now ſecure, this Scepter which I gain,
Shall be continu'd in the pow'r of *Spain*;
Since he who could alone my foes defend,
By Birth and Honour is become my friend.
Yet I can own no Joy, nor Conqueſt boaſt, [*To* Alman.
While in this blood I ſee how dear it coſt.

Alman. This Honour to my veins new blood will bring:
Streams cannot fail, fed by ſo high a Spring.
But all Court-cuſtoms I ſo little know,
That I may fail in thoſe reſpects I ow.
I bring a Heart which Homage never knew;
Yet it finds ſomething of it ſelf in You:
Something ſo kingly, that my haughty mind
Is drawn to yours; becauſe 'tis of a kind.

Qu. *Iſabel.* And yet, that Soul which bears it ſelf ſo high,
If Fame be true, admits a Soveraignty.
This Queen in her fair Eyes ſuch Fetters brings,
As chain that Heart which ſcorns the pow'r of Kings.

Alma. Little of charm in theſe ſad Eyes appears;
If they had any, now 'tis loſt in tears.
A Crown, and Husband, raviſh'd in one day!——
Excuſe a grief I cannot chooſe but pay.

Qu. *Iſab.* Have courage, Madam, Heav'n has joys in ſtore
To recompenſe thoſe loſſes you deplore.

Alma. I know your God can all my woes redreſs;
To him I made my vows in my diſtreſs.
And what a Misbeliever vow'd this day,
Though not a Queen, a Chriſtian yet ſhall pay.

Qu. *Iſabel embracing her.*
That Chriſtian name you ſhall receive from me;
And *Iſabella* of *Granada* be.

Benz. This bleſſed change we all with joy receive:
And beg to learn that Faith which you believe.

Qu. *Iſab.* With reverence for thoſe holy Rites prepare;
And all commit your fortunes to my care.

K. *Ferdinand* to *Almahide.*
You, Madam, by that Crown you loſe, may gain,
If you accept a Coronet of *Spain*;
Of which *Almanzor*'s Father ſtands poſſeſt.

Qu. *Iſabel* to *Almahide.*
May you in him, and he in you be bleſt.

Alma. I owe my Life and Honor to his Sword;
But owe my Love to my departed Lord.
Alman. Thus, when I have no living force to dread,
Fate finds me Enemies amongſt the dead.
I'm now to conquer Ghoſts; and to deſtroy
The ſtrong impreſſions of a Bridal joy.
Alma. You've yet a greater Foe than theſe can be;
Vertue oppoſes you, and Modeſty.
Alman. From a falſe fear that Modeſty does grow;
And thinks true Love, becauſe 'tis fierce, its foe.
'Tis but the Wax whoſe ſeals on Virgins ſtay:
Let it approach Loves fire, 'twill melt away.
But I have liv'd too long; I never knew
When Fate was conquer'd, I muſt combat you.
I thought to climb the ſteep aſcent of Love;
But did not think to find a foe above.
'Tis time to dye when you my bar muſt be,
Whoſe aid alone could give me victory.
Without———
I'le pull up all the ſluces of the flood:
And Love, within, ſhall boyl out all my blood.
Qu. *Iſab.* Fear not your Love ſhould find ſo ſad ſucceſs;
While I have pow'r to be your Patroneſs.
I am her Parent now, and may command
So much of duty as to give her hand.

[*Gives him* Almahides *hand.*

Alma. Madam, I never can diſpute your pow'r,
Or as a Parent, or a Conquerour.
But, when my year of Widowhood expires,
Shall yield to your Commands, and his deſires.
Alman. Move ſwiftly, Sun; and fly a Lovers pace;
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race!
K. *Ferd.* Mean time you ſhall my Victories purſue;
The *Moors* in Woods and Mountains to ſubdue.
Alman. The toyls of War ſhall help to wear each day;
And dreams of Love ſhall drive my nights away.
Our Banners to th' *Alhambra*'s Turrets bear;
Then wave our Conqu'ring Croſſes in the Air;
And cry with ſhouts of Triumph, Live and Raign,
Great *Ferdinand*, and *Iſabel* of *Spain.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To the Second Part

OF

Granada.

THey who have beſt ſucceeded on the Stage,
Have ſtill conform'd their Genius to their Age.
Thus Johnſon *did Mechanick humour ſhow,*
When Men were dull, and Converſation low.
Then Comedy was faultleſs, but 'twas courſe:
Cobbs *Tankard was a Jeſt, and* Otter's *Horſe.*
And as their Comedy, their Love was mean:
Except, by chance, in ſome one labour'd Scene,
Which muſt atone for an ill-written Play.
They roſe; but at their height could ſeldom ſtay.
Fame then was cheap, and the firſt commer ſped;
And they have kept it ſince by being dead.
But were they now to write, when Criticks weigh
Each Line, and ev'ry Word throughout a Play,
None of 'em, no not Johnſon *in his height,*
Could paſs, without allowing grains for weight.

Think

Think it not envy that these Truths are told,
Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are shown,
But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
If Love and Honor now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.
Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;
Our native Language more refin'd and free.
Our Ladies, and our Men now speak more Wit
In Conversation, than those Poets writ.
Then, one of these is consequently true;
That what this Poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill, (which most he fears)
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, though you judge, (as sure the Criticks will)
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he hath their Fame surpast,
To please an Age more gallant than the last.

DE-

DEFENCE
OF THE
EPILOGUE.
OR,
An ESSAY on the Dramatick POETRY of the laſt Age.

THe promiſes of Authors, that they will write again, are in effect a threatning of their Readers with ſome new Impertinence, and they who perform not what they promiſe, will have their pardon on eaſie terms. 'Tis from this conſideration that I could be glad to ſpare you the trouble which I am now giving you, of a *Poſtſcript*, if I were not oblig'd by many Reaſons to write ſomewhat concerning our preſent Plays, and thoſe of our Predeceſſors on the *Engliſh* Stage. The truth is, I have ſo far ingag'd my ſelf in a bold *Epilogue* to this Play, (wherein I have ſomewhat tax'd the former writing) that it was neceſſary for me, either not to Print it, or to ſhow that I could defend it. Yet, I would ſo maintain my opinion of the preſent age, as not to be wanting in my veneration for the paſt: I would aſcribe to dead Authors their juſt praiſes in thoſe things wherein they have excell'd us: and in thoſe wherein we contend with them for the preheminence, I would acknowledge our advantages to the Age, and claim no victory from our Wit. This being what I have propos'd to my ſelf, I hope I ſhall not be thought Arrogant when I inquire into their Errors. For, we live in an age ſo Sceptical, that as it determines little, ſo it takes nothing from Antiquity on truſt:

truſt: and I profeſs to have no other ambition in this *Eſſay*, than that Poetry may not go backward, when all other Arts and Sciences are advancing. Whoever cenſures me for this inquiry, let him hear his Character from *Horace*:

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat; nos noſtraque lividus odit.

He favours not dead Wits, but hates the living.

It was upbraided to that excellent Poet, that he was an enemy to the writings of his Predeceſſor *Lucilius*, becauſe he had ſaid, *Lucilium lutulentum fluere*, that he ran muddy: and that he ought to have retrench'd from his Satyrs many unneceſſary verſes. But *Horace* makes *Lucilius* himſelf to juſtifie him from the imputation of Envy, by telling you that he would have done the ſame, had he liv'd in an age which was more refin'd.

Si foret hoc noſtrum, fato, delapſus in ævum,
Detraheret ſibi multa, reciderat omne quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur, &c.

And, both in the whole courſe of that Satyr, and in his moſt admirable Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, he makes it his buſineſs to prove, that Antiquity alone is no plea for the excellency of a Poem: but, that one age learning from another, the laſt (if we can ſuppoſe an equality of Wit in the Writers,) has the advantage of knowing more, and better than the former. And this I think is the ſtate of the queſtion in diſpute. It is therefore my part to make it clear, that the Language, Wit, and Converſation of our Age are improv'd and refin'd above the laſt: and then it will not be difficult to infer, that our Plays have receiv'd ſome part of thoſe advantages.

In the firſt place, therefore, it will be neceſſary to ſtate, in general, what this Refinement is of which we treat: and that I think will not be defin'd amiſs: *An Improvement of our Wit, Language, and Converſation. Or, An Alteration in them for the better.*

To begin with *Language*. That an Alteration is lately made in ours, or ſince the Writers of the laſt age (in which I comprehend *Shakeſpear*, *Fletcher* and *Johnſon*) is manifeſt. Any man who reads thoſe excellent Poets, and compares their Language with what is now written, will ſee it almoſt in every line. But, that this is an *Improvement* of the Language, or an Alteration for the better, will not ſo eaſily be granted.

granted. For many are of a contrary opinion, that the Engliſh tongue was then in the height of its perfection; that, from *Johnſons* time to ours, it has been in a continual declination; like that of the *Romans* from the age of *Virgil* to *Statius*, and ſo downward to *Claudian*: of which, not only *Petronius*, but *Quintilian* himſelf ſo much complains under the perſon of *Secundus*, in his famous Dialogue *de cauſis corruptæ eloquentiæ*.

But, to ſhew that our Language is improv'd; and that thoſe People have not a juſt value for the age in which they live, let us conſider in what the refinement of a Language principally conſiſts: that is, *either in rejecting ſuch old words or phraſes which are ill-ſounding, or improper, or in admitting new, which are more proper, more ſounding, and more ſignificant.*

The Reader will eaſily take notice, that when I ſpeak of rejecting improper words and phraſes, I mention not ſuch as are Antiquated by cuſtom only: and, as I may ſay, without any fault of theirs: for in this caſe the refinement can be but accidental: that is, when the words and phraſes which are rejected, happen to be improper. Neither would I be underſtood (when I ſpeak of impropriety in Language) either wholly to accuſe the laſt Age, or to excuſe the preſent; and leaſt of all my ſelf: For all Writers have their imperfections and failings. But I may ſafely conclude in the general, that our improprieties are leſs frequent, and leſs groſs than theirs. One Teſtimony of this is undenyable, that we are the firſt who have obſerv'd them. And certainly, to obſerve errors is a great ſtep to the correcting of them. But, malice and partiality ſet apart, let any man who underſtands Engliſh, read diligently the Works of *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*; and I dare undertake that he will find in every page, either ſome *Soleciſm* of Speech, or ſome notorious flaw in ſence: and yet theſe men are reverenc'd when we are not forgiven. That their Wit is great, and many times their expreſſions noble, Envy it ſelf cannot deny.

———Neque ego illis detrahere auſim
Hærentem capiti, multa cum laude, coronam:

but the times were ignorant in which they liv'd. Poetry was then, if not in its Infancy among us, at leaſt not arriv'd to its vigor and maturity: witneſs the lameneſs of their Plots: many of which, eſpecially thoſe which they writ firſt, (for even that Age refin'd it ſelf in ſome meaſure,) were made up of ſome ridiculous, incoherent ſtory, which, in one Play many times took up the buſineſs of an Age. I ſuppoſe I need not name *Pericles* Prince of *Tyre*,

nor the Historical Plays of *Shakespear*. Besides many of the rest, as the *Winters Tale*, *Love's labor lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on Impossibilities, or at least, so meanly written, that the Comedy neither caus'd your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment. If I would expatiate on this Subject, I could easily demonstrate that our admir'd *Fletcher*, who writ after him, neither understood correct Plotting, nor that which they call *the Decorum of the Stage*. I would not search out his worst Plays for examples: he who will consider his *Philaster*, his *Humorous Lieutenant*, his *Faithful Shepherdess*, and many others which I could name, will find them much below the applause which is now given them: he will see *Philaster* wounding his Mistress, and afterwards his Boy, to save himself: Not to mention the Clown who enters immediately, and not only has the advantage of the Combat against the Heroe, but diverts you from your serious concernment, with his ridiculous and absurd railery. In his *Humorous Lieutenant*, you find his *Demetrius* and *Leucippe* staying in the midst of a routed Army, to hear the cold mirth of the *Lieutenant*; and *Demetrius* afterwards appearing with a Pistol in his hand, in the next Age to *Alexander* the Great. And for his *Shepherd*, he falls twice into the former indecency of wounding Women: but these absurdities, which those Poets committed, may more properly be call'd the Ages fault than theirs: for besides the want of Education and Learning, (which was their particular unhappiness) they wanted the benefit of Converse: but of that, I shall speak hereafter, in a place more proper for it. Their Audiences knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs the *Golden Age of Poetry*, have only this reason for it, that they were then content with Acorns, before they knew the use of Bread: or that Ἀνὴρ ὄνος was become a Proverb. They had many who admir'd them, and few who blam'd them: and certainly a severe Critick is the greatest help to a good Wit: he does the Office of a Friend while he designs that of an Enemy: and his malice keeps a Poet within those bounds, which the Luxuriancy of his Fancy would tempt him to over-leap.

But it is not their Plots which I meant principally to tax: I was speaking of their Sence and Language. And I dare almost challenge any man to shew me a Page together which is correct in both. As for *Ben. Johnson*, I am loth to name him, because he is a most Judicious Writer; yet he very often falls into these errors. And I once more beg the Readers pardon, for accusing him, or them. Only let him consider, that I live in an age where my least faults are severely censur'd: and that I have no way left to extenuate my failings, but my showing as great in those whom we admire.

Cædimur, in que vicem præbemus crura sagittæ.

And what correctneſs, after this, can be expected from *Shakeſpear*, or from *Fletcher*, who wanted that Learning and Care which *Johnſon* had? I will therefore ſpare my own trouble of inquiring into their faults: who had they liv'd now, had doubtleſs written more correctly. I ſuppoſe it will be enough for me to affirm (as I think I ſafely may) that theſe and the like errors, which I tax'd in the moſt correct of the laſt Age, are ſuch, into which we do not ordinarily fall.

As for the other part of refining, which conſiſts in receiving new Words and Phraſes, I ſhall not inſiſt much upon it. 'Tis obvious that we have admitted many: ſome of which we wanted, (and therefore our Language is the richer for them: as it would be by Importation of Bullion: others are rather Ornamental than Neceſſary, yet by their admiſſion, the Language is become more Courtly: and our thoughts are better dreſt. Theſe are to be found ſcatter'd in the Writers of our Age: and it is not my buſineſs to collect them. They who have lately written with moſt care, have, I believe, taken the Rule of *Horace* for their guide; that is, not to be too haſty in receiving of Words: but rather to ſtay till Cuſtom has made them familiar to us.

Quem penes, arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.

For I cannot approve of their way of refining, who corrupt our *Engliſh* Idiom by mixing it too much with *French*: that is a Sophiſtication of Language, not an Improvement of it: a turning *Engliſh* into *French*, rather than a refining of *Engliſh* by *French*. We meet daily with thoſe Fops, who value themſelves on their Travelling, and pretend they cannot expreſs their meaning in *Engliſh*, becauſe they would put off to us ſome *French* Phraſe of the laſt Edition: without conſidering that, for ought they know, we have a better of our own; but theſe are not the Men who are to refine us: their Talent is to preſcribe Faſhions, not Words: at beſt they are only ſerviceable to a Writer, ſo as *Ennius* was to *Virgil*. He may *Aurum ex ſtercore colligere*; For 'tis hard if, amongſt many inſignificant Phraſes, there happen not ſomething worth preſerving, though themſelves, like *Indians*, know not the value of their own Commodity.

There is another way yet of improving Language, which Poets eſpecially have practis'd in all Ages; that is, by applying receiv'd words to a new ſignification. And this, I believe, is meant by *Horace*, in that Precept which is ſo variouſly conſtru'd by Expoſitors:

Dixeris Egregie, notum ſi callida verbum,
Reddiderit junctura novum.

And, in this way, he himself had a particular happiness: using all the Tropes, and particularly Metaphors, with that grace which is observable in his Odes: where the Beauty of Expression is often greater than that of Thought, as in that one example, amongst an infinite number of others; *Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.*

And therefore though he innovated little, he may justly be call'd a great Refiner of the *Roman* Tongue. This choice of words, and height'ning of their natural signification, was observ'd in him by the writers of the following Ages; for *Petronius* says of him, *& Horatii curiosa felicitas.* By this grafting, as I may call it, on old words, has our Tongue, been beautified by the three fore-mention'd Poets, *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson*: whose Excellencies I can never enough admire: and in this they have been follow'd, especially by Sir *John Suckling*, and Mr. *Waller*, who refin'd upon them; neither have they who now succeed them, been wanting in their endeavours to adorn our Mother-Tongue: but it is not so lawful for me to praise my living Contemporaries, as to admire my Predecessors.

I should now speak of the Refinement of Wit: but I have been so large on the former Subject, that I am forc'd to contract my self in this. I will therefore only observe to you, that the Wit of the last Age was yet more incorrect than their Language, *Shakespear*, who many times has written better than any Poet in any Language, is yet so far from writing Wit always, or expressing that Wit according to the Dignity of the Subject, that he writes in many places below—the dullest Writers of ours, or of any precedent Age. Never did any Author precipitate himself from such Heights of thought, to so low expressions as he often does. He is the very *Janus* of Poets; he wears almost every where two Faces: and you have scarce begun to admire the one, e're you despise the other. Neither is the Luxuriance of *Fletcher*, (which his friends have tax'd in him) a less fault than the Carelessness of *Shakespear*. He does not well always, and when he does, he is a true *Englishman*; he knows not when to give over. If he wakes in one Scene, he commonly slumbers in another: And if he pleases you in the first three Acts, he is frequently so tir'd with his labour, that he goes heavily in the fourth, and sinks under his burden in the fifth.

For *Ben. Johnson*, the most judicious of Poets, he always writ properly; and as the Character requir'd; and I will not contest farther with my Friends who call that Wit. It being very certain that even Folly it self, well represented, is Wit in a larger signification: and that there is Fancy as well as Judgement in it, though not so much, or noble: Because all Poetry being Imitation, that of Folly is a lower exercise of Fancy,

Fancy, though perhaps as difficult as the other: for 'tis a kind of looking downward in the Poet; and repreſenting that part of Mankind which is below him.

In theſe low Characters of Vice and Folly, lay the excellency of that inimitable Writer: who, when at any time he aim'd at Wit in the ſtricter ſence, that is Sharpneſs of Conceit, was forc'd to borrow from the Ancients, (as to my knowledge he did very much from *Plautus*:) or, when he truſted himſelf alone, often fell into meanneſs of expreſſion. Nay, he was not free from the loweſt and moſt groveling kind of Wit, which we call Clenches; of which, *Every Man in his humour*, is infinitely full: and, which is worſe, the wittieſt perſons in the *Drama* ſpeak them. His other Comedies are not exempted from them: will you give me leave to name ſome few? *Aſper*, in which Character he perſonates himſelf, (and he neither was, nor thought himſelf a fool) exclaiming againſt the Ignorant Judges of the Age, ſpeaks thus,

How monſtrous and deteſted is't to ſee
A fellow that has neither Art nor Brain,
Sit like an Ariſtarchus, *or* Stark Aſs,
Taking Mens Lines, with a Tobacco-Face,
In Snuff, &c.

And preſently after,

I mar'el whoſe Wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yond Sackbut's *mouth? They might well think he would be out of Tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.* Will you have another of the ſame ſtamp.

O, *I cannot abide theſe Limbs of* Sattin, *or rather* Satan.

But, it may be you will object that this was *Aſper*, *Macilente*, or *Carlo Buffone*: you ſhall, therefore, hear him ſpeak in his own Perſon: and that in the two laſt lines, or ſting of an Epigram; 'tis inſcrib'd to *Fine Grand*: who, he ſays, was indebted to him for many things, which he reckons there: and concludes thus;

Forty things more, dear Grand, *which you know true,*
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'le pay you.

This

This was then the mode of Wit, the Vice of the Age, and not *Ben. Johnſon's*: for you ſee, a little before him, that admirable Wit, Sir *Philip Sidney*, perpetually playing with his words. In his time, I believe, it aſcended firſt into the Pulpit: where (if you will give me leave to clench too) it yet finds the benefit of its Clergy; for they are commonly the firſt corrupters of Eloquence, and the laſt reform'd from vicious Oratory: as a famous *Italian* has obſerv'd before me, in his Treatiſe of the Corruption of the *Italian* Tongue; which he principally aſcribes to Prieſts and preaching Fryars.

But, to conclude with what brevity I can; I will only add this in the defence of our preſent Writers, that if they reach not ſome excellencies of *Ben. Johnſon*; (which no Age, I am confident, ever ſhall) yet, at leaſt, they are above that meanneſs of thought which I have tax'd, and which is frequent in him.

That the wit of this Age is much more Courtly, may eaſily be prov'd by viewing the Characters of Gentlemen which were written in the laſt. Firſt, for *Johnſon*, *True-Wit* in the *Silent Woman*, was his Maſterpiece, and *True-Wit* was a Scholar-like kind of Man, a Gentleman with an allay of Pedantry: a man who ſeems mortifi'd to the world, by much Reading. The beſt of his diſcourſe is drawn, not from the knowledge of the Town, but Books; and, in ſhort, he would be a fine Gentleman in an Univerſity. *Shakeſpear* ſhow'd the beſt of his skill in his *Mercurio*; and he ſaid himſelf, that he was forc'd to kill him in the third Act, to prevent being kill'd by him. But, for my part, I cannot find he was ſo dangerous a perſon: I ſee nothing in him, but what was ſo exceeding harmleſs, that he might have liv'd to the end of the Play, and dy'd in his Bed, without offence to any man.

Fletcher's Don John is our only Bugbear: and yet I may affirm, without ſuſpicion of flattery, that he now ſpeaks better, and that his Character is maintain'd with much more vigor in the fourth and fifth Acts, than it was by *Fletcher* in the three former. I have always acknowledg'd the Wit of our Predeceſſors, with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am ſure, their wit was not that of Gentlemen; there was ever ſomewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it: and which confeſt the converſation of the Authors.

And this leads me to the laſt and greateſt advantage of our writing, which proceeds from Converſation. In the Age wherein thoſe Poets liv'd, there was leſs of Gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the beſt company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of *Epicurus*, in the retirement of his Gardens: to live almoſt unknown, and to be celebrated after their deceaſe. I cannot find that any of them were converſant in Courts, except *Ben. Johnſon*: and his *genius* lay not ſo much

much that way, as to make an improvement by it: Greatneſs was not, then, ſo eaſie of acceſs, nor Converſation ſo free as now it is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any inſolence to affirm, that, by the knowledge, and pattern of their Wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own Converſation, the diſcourſe and Raillery of our *Comedies* excel what has been written by them: and this will be deny'd by none, but ſome few old fellows who value themſelves on their acquaintance with the *Black Fryars*: who, becauſe they ſaw their Plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. The memory of theſe grave Gentlemen is their only Plea for being Wits: they can tell a ſtory of *Ben. Johnſon*, and perhaps have had fancy enough to give a Supper in *Apollo*, that they might be call'd his Sons: and becauſe they were drawn in to be laught at in thoſe times, they think themſelves now ſufficiently entituled to laugh at ours. Learning I never ſaw in any of them; and wit no more than they could remember. In ſhort, they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpoliſh'd Age, and more unlucky to live to a refin'd one. They have laſted beyond their own, and are caſt behind ours: and not contented to have known little at the age of twenty, they boaſt of their ignorance at threeſcore.

Now if any ask me, Whence it is that our Converſation is ſo much refin'd? I muſt freely, and without flattery, aſcribe it to the Court: and, in it, particularly to the King; whoſe example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes and the Nations, afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allow'd to Sovereign Princes, I mean of Travelling, and being converſant in the moſt poliſh'd Courts of *Europe*; and thereby, of cultivating a Spirit which was form'd by Nature to receive the impreſſion of a gallant and generous Education. At his return, he found a Nation loſt as much in Barbariſm as in Rebellion: and as the excellency of his Nature forgave the one, ſo the excellency of his manners reform'd the other. The deſire of imitating ſo great a pattern, firſt waken'd the dull and heavy ſpirits of the *Engliſh*, from their natural reſerv'dneſs: looſen'd them from their ſtiff forms of Converſation; and made them eaſie and plyant to each other in diſcourſe. Thus, inſenſibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the *Engliſh* Wit, which was before ſtifl'd under a conſtrain'd melancholly way of breeding, began firſt to diſplay its force: by mixing the Solidity of our Nation, with the Air and Gayety of our Neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder, if the Poets, whoſe work is Imitation, ſhould be the only perſons in three Kingdoms, who ſhould not receive advantage by it: or, if they ſhould not more eaſily imitate the Wit and Converſation of the preſent Age, than of the paſt.

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of *Shakeſpear*, without

without falling after him into a careleſsneſs and (as I may call it) a Lethargy of thought, for whole Scenes together. Let us imitate, as we are able, the quickneſs and eaſieneſs of *Fletcher*, without propoſing him as a pattern to us, either in the redundancy of his matter, or the incorrectneſs of his language. Let us admire his Wit and ſharpneſs of conceit; but, let us at the ſame time acknowledge that it was ſeldom ſo fix'd, and made proper to his Characters, as that the ſame things might not be ſpoken by any perſon in the Play. Let us applaud his Scenes of *Love*; but, let us confeſs that he underſtood not either Greatneſs, or perfect Honour in the parts of any of his Women. In fine, let us allow that he had ſo much Fancy, as when he pleas'd he could write Wit: but that he wanted ſo much Judgment as ſeldom to have written Humour; or deſcrib'd a pleaſant folly. Let us aſcribe to *Johnſon* the height and accuracy of Judgment, in the ordering of his Plots, his choice of Characters, and maintaining what he had choſen, to the end: but let us not think him a perfect pattern of Imitation; except it be in Humour: for *Love*, which is the foundation of all Comedies in other Languages, is ſcarcely mention'd in any of his Plays: and for Humour it ſelf, the Poets of this Age will be more wary than to imitate the meanneſs of his perſons. Gentlemen will now be entertain'd with the Follies of each other: and though they allow *Cob* and *Tib* to ſpeak properly, yet, they are not much pleas'd with their Tankard, or with their Rags: And, ſurely, their Converſation can be no jeſt to them on the Theatre, when they would avoid it in the ſtreet.

To conclude all, Let us render to our Predeceſſors what is their due, without confining our ſelves to a ſervile imitation of all they writ: and, without aſſuming to our ſelves the Title of better Poets, let us aſcribe to the gallantry and civility of our Age, the advantage which we have above them; and to our knowledge of the cuſtoms and manners of it, the happineſs we have to pleaſe beyond them.

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